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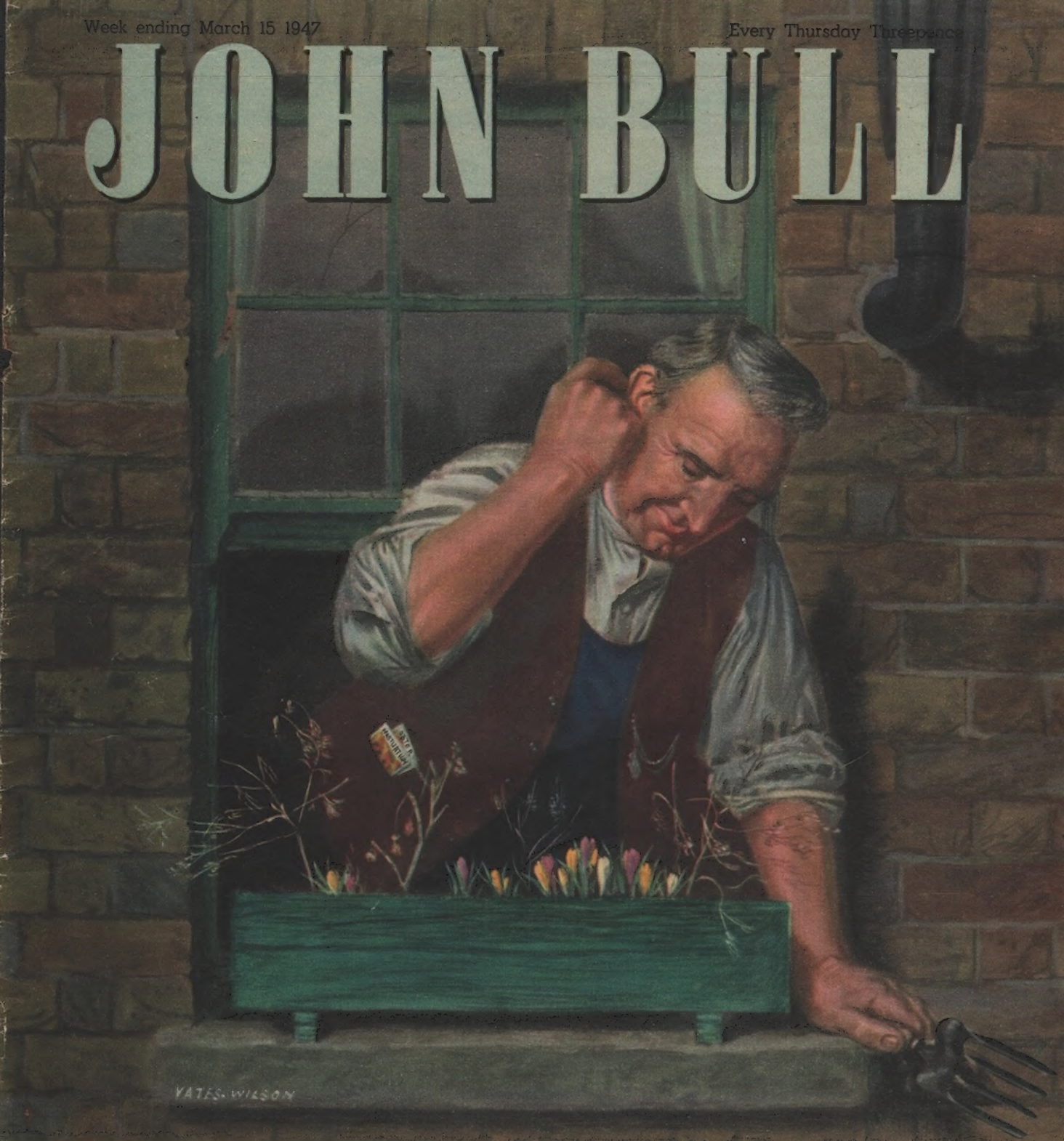

LONGER LIVES FOR EVERYBODY by Harvey Graham, M.D.

SEE PAGE 9

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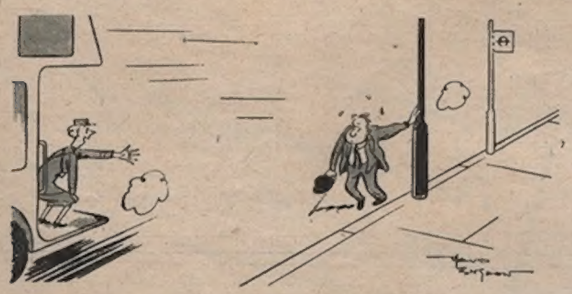

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Sunk deep into our chairs before the evening fire, how easy it is to rebuild the world! What they ought to do, we say, is such and such. . . .

But eventually, bedtime approaches. As we sip our Horlicks, we feel soothed and comforted. Perhaps we won't bother with revolutions tonight. . . . To bed, there to sleep the unbroken hours away, there to awake in the morning infused with new energy.

Horlicks is still not plentiful. But the shops are sharing out supplies as fairly as possible.

HORLICKS

"Cream Crackers!" said the Carpenter,
"Don't tell me that you're done!
I only bought you yesterday."
But answer came there none
And this was scarcely odd, because
He'd eaten every one!

After Tenniel by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Ltd

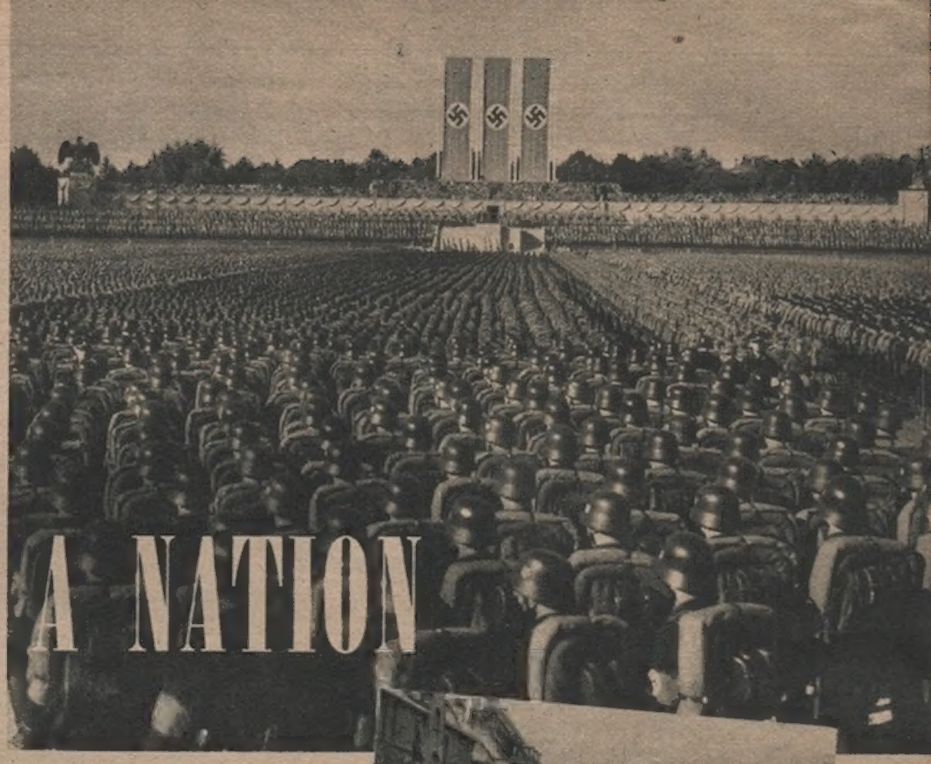
Crawford's biscuits are good biscuits

KNOW THE GERMANS (1)

The problem of Germany, which now confronts the Foreign Ministers in Moscow, involves understanding the Germans. And in this we can learn from the lessons of the war.

Here, in the first of a series of articles based on an important new book, soon to be published,* Milton Shulman traces internal causes that contributed to the defeat of the Wehrmacht, summing them up under Discipline, Ignorance and Fear. He describes how the fetish of blind obedience finally recoiled against Hitler's army and discloses the real version of Rommel's death—as told by the German general's son.

Shulman served on the Western Front as an intelligence officer with the Canadian Forces.



DISCIPLINE DOPED A NATION

by MILTON SHULMAN

THE FOREIGN MINISTERS of the victorious Powers sit in Moscow discussing the future of Germany and Austria.

A double-barrelled problem faces them: how to provide Germany with the means of rebuilding her shattered economy without simultaneously giving her the power to use that renewed strength to wage further and greater wars of aggression.

I am convinced that there is a solution to this seemingly insoluble riddle if only our statesmen will look in the right direction. That direction is towards the German people themselves. For to understand what to do with Germany one must understand the German people.

Understand how, in the war, the Germans were able to sustain their efforts for so long and yet lose in the end, and you will understand the German. Understand the German, and you will have the answer to the question: *What shall we do with the Germans?*

I suggest that at least three weaknesses existed in the framework of both the Wehrmacht and the German State itself that combined to drive the Germans into war, force them to carry on so long and finally to produce a defeated, rather than a victorious, Germany. These weaknesses might be summed up in three words: DISCIPLINE, IGNORANCE and FEAR.

I include discipline. Without discipline an army cannot function. Too much discipline, on the other hand, is likely to strangle it. The German Army had too much discipline. Officers and men obeyed blindly the orders of their superiors, continuing to do so even when faith in victory had gone and logic told them their efforts were useless.

Warning to Posterity

It was this rigid discipline within the Wehrmacht that enabled it to fight on for so long. But it was this same discipline that prevented it from taking the necessary steps to overthrow the forces driving Germany to needless destruction. And in this very capacity for blind discipline lies the recurring danger of world damage through German militarism.

Practically every senior officer to whom I spoke—men like von Rundstedt, Student and Dietrich—admitted that they realized the war was lost many months before the end, and that to continue was senseless. Yet so powerless had they become, and so incapable were they of opposing the political authority, that the best they could produce in the way of a real protest was a bungled assassination plot on July 20, 1944, a bare nine months before the end of the war.

It was love of discipline that made the Germans bow so meekly to the whim of a mad corporal.

The incredible situation of the political head of a State personally directing the tactical moves of an armed force fighting on fronts as far removed from each other as France, Italy and Russia was the military position revealed in Germany when the curtain of war was lifted in Europe. Brooding over a large-scale map in Berlin, Hitler had for five years made every important decision taken by the Wehrmacht.

Hitler Held All Strings

With the fall of France, Hitler's military career had reached its zenith. The next five years were all downhill. He made mistake after mistake, but, like a losing gambler at a gaming table, he kept frantically tossing the dice hoping that the winning number would turn up again.

From broad, sweeping decisions involving major strategy, Hitler was soon delving into detailed tactical matters which concerned relatively minor formations and unimportant sectors. By the time the Allies were ready to invade the Continent every senior German officer was so hamstrung with restrictions and threats from Berlin that any initiative could only be exercised on the very lowest levels.

By the time the Germans had been forced back to the Rhine, Hitler had taken over personal and complete command of all fighting in the West.

On January 21, 1945, Hitler signed an order by which all senior officers in the West were "personally responsible" to the Fuehrer for ensuring that any decision or intention "involving an operational movement . . . any offensive action . . . or any projected movement of withdrawal" was sent to him early enough to enable him to exercise his influence on such decisions, and for a possible counter-order to reach the front-line troops in time.

To such a pass had come the proud German officer corps that field marshals and generals could virtually not move their troops backwards or forwards without first obtaining the permission of the corporal they had formerly despised. Never had military commanders been so stripped of their authority. DISCIPLINE, IGNORANCE and FEAR had made it possible.

Panoply of power . . . spectre of defeat. 1936: Nazi military power parades at Nuremberg. 1944: ragged prisoners captured at Aachen—the obverse of Hitler's coin of blind obedience

The submissiveness of the German people to authority goes back to the days of Frederick the Great, and became indelibly stamped in the German character through the efforts of Bismarck and the Hohenzollern dynasty. To a German, to be given an order is to obey, and to obey is right.

It has been said that every German's secret desire is to be hit by a motor car on a pedestrian crossing when the green light is in his favour. This would satisfy both the romantic side of his personality by making him a martyr and the logical side of his character because he has been run over while obeying a traffic signal, and therefore it would have been impossible for him to have done anything else.

This fetish for obedience reached absurd extremes in the Wehrmacht. Not only was the German officer's military life strictly supervised but his personal life was subjected to an unrelenting social code.

Even as late as April, 1943, after Germany had already suffered staggering losses in Russia and

* *"Defeat in the West"* (*Secker and Warburg*, 15s.)

JOHN BULL

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The Only Way

THERE IS A DANGER, because the White Paper, "Economic Survey for 1947," came out in the middle of the fuel crisis, that the two events will be muddled in people's minds.

In fact, of course, the fuel crisis has set us a lot of immediate problems; while the White Paper takes a much longer view.

About the facts in it there is little political dispute.

Britain is a poor debtor, with an overdraft at every bank, a ragged wardrobe, a host of hangers-on and huge housekeeping bills which must be met. She *can* work her way back to wealth. The White Paper outlines how. What it does not outline is the human side of the job.

We need another White Paper which will be a Blueprint for Adventure—the adventure of winning this new war against want. The struggle before us can be presented to the people in this light. They are not inspired by statistics. They could be inspired by a great cause.

And surely the economic survival of the nation which saved civilization is a great cause, even the greatest of causes?

It is the cause of our children, the cause of everything which makes life not a drab ordeal, but an exciting pilgrimage.

For such a cause, expounded by eloquent leaders, our people will reverse the modern trend to avoid work as a bore, to seek entertainment as a drug, and to adopt secondhand cynicism as a religion.

They will recognize that, whatever the hardships, it is more satisfying to live in great and arduous times than in soft, dull ones.

They do but await the word.

Vanishing Woodlands

THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE, Mr. Tom Williams, has introduced an important Bill to promote forestry in Britain. In doing so, he made an astonishing statement which has been largely overlooked in the rush of greater news. The statement was that since 1939 half our standing timber has been felled.

Think of what that means—one of every two full-grown trees has disappeared—and Britain previously had far less woodland than any other big European country.

We are so used to thinking of ours as a wooded country that we do not realize how much of the appearance is given, not by forests, but by scattered trees in hedgerows and gardens. Yet the occasional elm or ash, and the suburban horse-chestnut, are no substitute for well-grown and well-tended stands of real timber extending over thousands of square miles.

The tragic paradox is that, while the soil and climate of Great Britain grow all trees superlatively well, our greatest famine today is timber—and the bottleneck is holding up the housing drive.

Unfortunately for our depleted woodlands, timber is a long-term crop. Except for the quick-growing softwoods such as larch and fir, he who plants is not likely to reap. Few people are prepared to put immense capital into something from which they may never personally draw a dividend. Landowners are impoverished, and the old instinct to improve an hereditary estate by timber-planting for the benefit of future generations is very nearly dead. So the old motives for keeping up the tree population no longer work.

The answer is clear. The State must do what individuals have stopped doing. The new Forestry Bill, which in effect subsidizes landowners who consent to cultivate their woods according to approved standards, is a step in the right direction.

But something much more drastic will be needed if our children and grandchildren are not to curse us for stripping the land of its most useful and beautiful growth—the trees.

In the Path of Progress

TWO SETS OF PEOPLE are affected by the appeal which Mr. Silkin, the Minister of Town and Country Planning, is bringing against the High Court's quashing of his Order to make Stevenage a New Town.

One set is very much larger than the other.

The smaller set is the group of residents in the little Hertfordshire town who have financed and organized a legal battle against the Government's decision to expand their community.

They are at present triumphant. They are convinced of the justice of their cause. Many of them believe they have dealt a blow for liberty.

But for the second group of people, numbering no fewer than 44,000, there is no triumph in the High Court decision and everything to be gained from a successful appeal.

They are the Londoners for whom it was planned to build new homes, factories and a healthier community life in the new town of Greater Stevenage.

If British democracy is to mean anything in practice, their claim, because they are so much greater in numbers than the objecting residents, surely ought to succeed.

But the law as it stands may decide otherwise. And, whatever the result of the appeal, Stevenage is already six months behind schedule. A legal brake has been applied to the form of social progress represented by the plan for the new Stevenage—and the other projected new towns.

What is the Government going to do about it? Perhaps the answer is that if the existing law stands in the way of progress, then it is time to change the law.

Defeating the Jerry Builders

BY RAISING THE MAXIMUM selling price of privately built new houses to £1,300 (£1,400 in London), Aneurin Bevan allows builders to meet increased costs without giving them an excuse to produce shoddy dwellings.

In fact, he now demands a guarantee of quality and amenity in every new house. Local authorities are to stipulate, when granting a licence to build, that the job shall be done "in a proper and workmanlike manner, of materials of good quality and in accordance with the specification." And they will check up.

How different is this from the prewar heyday of the jerrybuilders. Bevan's new move shows we are settling down to the real job of rehousing the people. But the task remains formidable. Shortages of materials must be overcome if it is to be successfully completed without delay, and without any lowering of standards.

Continued from previous page

North Africa, a school for artillery officer cadets thought fit to publish an order on behaviour in society which contained items such as this:

PAYING A VISIT

Visiting hours 1130-1300 hours on Sunday, 1700-1800 hours on weekdays. Never late and never in the afternoon. . . . On entering a room carry hat in left hand. On taking a seat lay the hat down. . . .

Coming and going: Length of visit should be about ten minutes. Do not look at your watch. No reason should be given for termination of visit. On leaving do not turn your back on the company when opening the door.

Being prepared to obey blindly themselves, the officer corps also demanded obedience of those whom they led. In France in 1944 a Colonel Gollnitz issued a German District Order, part of which read:

Again and again I meet soldiers who, as cyclists, do not keep their legs stiff when saluting. This is against orders when the bicycle is free-wheeling and the journey is not uphill.

Yet, although the Wehrmacht suffered a military defeat unparalleled in modern history, at no time was there any suggestion of an organized revolt among men in the ranks. The reason is not to be found in the German soldier's loyalty. He did not revolt because he was bullied, threatened, drugged and duped so intensely and so persistently that his powers to resist or object were utterly destroyed. It was DISCIPLINE, IGNORANCE and FEAR—not loyalty—that kept the German soldier in the field until May, 1945.

When defeat becomes too crushing, even discipline and propaganda are not enough to keep a soldier in the line. The battles of Falaise and the Seine and the ragged retreat through France slowly opened the eyes of the German soldier. With the first glimmerings of truth came doubt, and with doubt came despair and desertion.

Enter Himmler

There was now only one way left to prevent the rot from spreading. A message signed by Heinrich Himmler provided the deterrent. Dated September 10, 1944, it was brief and to the point:

Certain unreliable elements seem to believe that the war will be over for them as soon as they surrender to the enemy.

Against this belief it must be pointed out that every deserter will be prosecuted and will find his just punishment. Furthermore, his ignominious behaviour will entail the most severe consequences for his family. Upon examination of the circumstances they will be summarily shot.

It is safe to say that this single order did more to keep the German soldier from deserting than any conceivable plea to his patriotism or duty.

Mounting disaster in the field also had its effects on the senior officers of the Wehrmacht. The defeats at Moscow, Stalingrad and El Alamein, coupled with the ruthless and autocratic behaviour of Hitler, resulted in the disaffection of a group of officers led by General Beck, former Chief of Staff. It ended in the attempt to assassinate Hitler on July 20, 1944.

There is little doubt that it was the spectre of impending defeat and not a sudden surge of moral antipathy to aggression that drove the bulk of these military men to action against their Fuehrer.

One of the most surprising recruits to this body of conspirators was the most publicised figure in the German Wehrmacht, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel. His military exploits had made of Rommel, in the minds of the German people, the greatest living example of generalship. But Rommel, plagued by the Fuehrer's intuition as much as any other senior officer, finally decided he had had enough.

Three days before the assassination attempt, on July 17, a low-flying Allied plane attacked his car near a small Normandy village. The vehicle capsized, throwing Rommel out. His skull was fractured. After hospital treatment he was sent to his home in Southern Germany, where he appeared to be rapidly recovering.

Suddenly, in mid-October, it was announced to the world that Field Marshal Rommel had died. He was given a State funeral and military honours. The Order of the Day issued on October 18, 1944, by

PRIESTLEY'S PAGE

Each week in this exclusive feature, J. B. Priestley answers a wide range of questions from John Bull readers. Send your queries on a postcard to the Editor, who will pass interesting topics to Mr. Priestley

Q. "As a nation, we are always being asked to work harder. Is it bad for us?"

No. But the work must be essential work. A lot of people dislike their work because it does not seem to them to be of the least importance, merely part of somebody else's racket.

The task of this Government should be to clear away the work that is not essential, and then ask us to tear into the essential jobs for all that we are worth.

Except in a few extremely laborious jobs hard work will not hurt any of us. But people should understand what they are doing, and should have some say in the management of the work. High-pressure industry should be organized on a thoroughly democratic basis.

In the Government's programme I for one would like to see less centralization at Whitehall and far more co-operative enterprise. And it is time the trade unions took a more creative view of their own function.

Q. "When you are abroad, what is the immediate mental picture conjured up by a reference to 'England'?"

I have a vision of green fields and hedges, with some rather misty hills in the distance. I do not see any towns or even any buildings. Probably green fields, hedges, and vague misty hills are more characteristic of the general English landscape than anything else. I wonder how many English people realize how superbly and uniquely beautiful the unspoilt English landscape is. I remember once, on a voyage far from home, meeting a cosmopolitan foreigner who had spent his life travelling, and I asked him what seemed to him the most beautiful country he had seen in all his travels, and he replied at once—and I think quite truthfully—"England."

Before the Industrial Revolution and all the horrible vandalism began—say, about the middle of the eighteenth century—this country must have been exquisitely lovely, a dream of green meadows and melting hills. And if it should happen that we lose our industrial power and most of our population, and become again a small island people, our descendants will still have this delicious soft green landscape, so rich in flowers and birds, for themselves.

Q. "An American historian said: 'The history of the world is the record of a man in quest of his daily bread and butter.' Is this a good definition?"

The definition is misleading. Because history for a long time ignored important economic factors, there is now a tendency to over-estimate the importance of these factors.

Man wants his daily bread and butter, but he wants other things too, and these have played their part in history. Again, the men who have had the greatest historical influence, whose actions have changed the whole course of world history, have rarely been influenced primarily by economic motives. Thus it would be hard to over-estimate the historical importance of, say, Alexander the Great and Mahomet, and both these men were in quest of something quite different from their daily bread and butter. If Christopher Columbus had merely been a bread-and-butter seeker, I doubt if America would have been discovered when it was.

Contemporary history has been dominated by Hitler, and what Hitler wanted was not his daily bread and butter but power and revenge. No, this definition will not do.

Q. "Do you believe that a marriage between a young man and a woman more than five years his senior is likely to be unhappy?"

Yes, if the young man is a normal young man and wants a true mate and not simply another mother. But there are young men who really want mothers and not mates, and no doubt such young men can be happy with women even more than five years older than themselves.

Dr. Johnson's wife was considerably older than he was, and he declared that his rather brief married life had been a happy one; but Dr. Johnson, for all his learning and sagacity, was something of an odd fish.

Q. "Plato recommended the suppression of poets in his ideal Republic because they would stir up discontent. Do you think he was right?"

He was right from his point of view. But then I do not like his point of view, and I would very much dislike his ideal Republic, which was a totalitarian horror. The discontent of the poets is divine discontent, and we need more and not less of it.

We are not here to try to create a kind of human beehive or anthill, but to achieve a society in which individuals can live lives rich with the best sort of experience and make spiritual as well as material progress. To that the poets, with their profound discontent, can make a powerful contribution.

On the whole, I suspect the influence of Plato to have been bad rather than good, and I certainly prefer the poets.

Rommel's successor in France, Field Marshal Model, eulogized him thus: "In him we have lost a commander with a lightning power of decision, a soldier of the greatest bravery and of unexampled dash. . . . He will go down in history as one of the greatest commanders of our nation."

Such was the tinsel gaudily displayed to hide the shabby truth. In Model's Order, Rommel was said to have died on October 13 of wounds sustained on July 17. But the seventeen-year-old son of Field Marshal Rommel has another version.

Much less flamboyant than Model's Order of the Day, it is a sworn declaration reading:

"My father, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel, died on October 14, 1944, at Herrlingen, an unnatural death, received in the following manner at the order of the Chancellor of the Reich, Adolf Hitler:

". . . On October 7, 1944, I had to return to my anti-aircraft battery and came home on short leave on October 14, 1944. . . . My father told me that two Army generals, General Maisel and General Burgsdorf, both of the Army Personnel Bureau, would be coming.

"He said that he did not have much confidence in the meeting, and he did not know whether the stated object of discussing his further employment was not being used as a manoeuvre to get rid of him. At twelve o'clock my father received the two generals. My father asked me to leave the room. After three-quarters of an hour I met my father going out of my mother's room. He told me that he had taken leave of my mother and that he had been given the choice by Adolf Hitler either of poisoning himself or of being sent for public trial. Moreover, Adolf Hitler had stated that in the event of suicide nothing would happen to his family. . . .

"We observed in the meantime that the house was surrounded by at least four or five armoured cars.

"After my father had said goodbye . . . he left the house. We accompanied him to a car. We saw an S.S. man at the wheel. . . . My father climbed in first and took a seat in the back, then the two generals followed. The car went off in the direction of Blaubeuren. Fifteen minutes later we received a call from the Reserve Hospital Wagner-Schule in Ulm, to the effect that my father had been brought in by the two generals, apparently having had a brain stroke.

"In my last conversation with my father he told me the following facts: He had been suspected of complicity in the July 20 affair. His former Chief of the General Staff, Lt.-Gen. Speidel, who had been arrested a few weeks previously, had said my father had had a leading interest in the affair and had only been prevented from a direct share in it by his injury. . . .

"The Fuehrer did not want my father's standing before the German people to be degraded, and gave him the chance of voluntary death by a poisoned pill, which was given to him on the way by one of the generals. This killed him within three seconds. In the case of a refusal he would have been immediately arrested and put before the High Court of Justice in Berlin. My father chose a voluntary death."

So died Rommel. His career typified the course set and followed by those who had risen to power on the tidal wave of National Socialism; a course that rocketed dizzily upwards from obscurity through ambition to power, and spiralled downwards from disillusionment through defeat to disaster.

His end was, indeed, symbolic of that dangerous German spirit which, in the grip of discipline, ignorance and fear, has already brought so much agony to the world, and, if allowed to, will do so again.

[Next week: The Myth of German Efficiency]

Private View of George Tomlinson

THE GOOD NEIGHBOUR

THE NEW MINISTER OF EDUCATION, George Tomlinson, an obscurity until a few years ago, protégé of Bevin and child of the Labour Party, has none of the lustre of his predecessor, the late Ellen Wilkinson.

But what was required in the new Minister was not "personality" but a capacity for hard work and sound judgment in transmitting the blueprint of the Education Act into reality.

As a qualified executive, Tomlinson is backed by plenty of experience—as Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour during the Coalition, with the Ministry of Pensions, and later as Minister of Works. And he *has* an expert knowledge of the educational administration of the country.

George Tomlinson is the most accessible of Ministers, a simple, plain-speaking man, with no facade, no shop window, no pose or glamour; just a decent human being—ingenuous, forthright, effective, reassuring, sincere and broad Lancashire.

He speaks no foreign languages; of his own he once said, neatly: "Since I have been at the Ministry of Pensions I have had to learn many words I have never heard; words which I can't even pronounce; yet usually they are long words for quite ordinary things."

Life has always been a hard pull upwards. At eleven he started work at a Rishton cotton mill on a wage of 2s. 3d. a week. His brothers and sisters worked at the same mill with their father, who had started work as a weaver at the age of eight. Their mother had also worked in the mill.

George spent half his time at school and the remainder using his "indispensable nimble fingers." Extra sleep he found on his father's arm as they walked across the fields to the mill. It was a bitter and undernourished childhood, as bad as any that was wished upon our "depressed" classes towards the close of the last century.

He was too poor to be given the advantage of his secondary school scholarship, so he educated himself, borrowing books and reading. He wanted to be a clergyman and took a correspondence course in theology, but failed the preliminary examination. He remarked later: "Had I only been able to draw a decent map of England and put Hull on it correctly, I should have been another parson!"

He married, at nineteen, Ethel Pursell, who worked by his side at the mill. In spite of the racket of whirling looms, they lip-read each other's protestations of love. Years later in the House of Commons, George discomfited Opposition members by telling them he could read their whispered asides.

The Tomlinsons had one child who, in the normal course of events, would have grown to become a weaver in her turn. But England entered the first World War and George refused to fight on a question of principle. He was consigned to farm labour on a guinea a week. His family followed to the country.

After the war the Tomlinsons went to Farnworth to look for a new start—in "pop." They called it Tomlinson's Temperance Bar, made sarsaparilla in the basement and hawked the surplus. One year they experienced thirteen weeks of frost. Freezing "pop" burst his bottles, so George sold it solid.

Lay preaching gave George a standing in the community. His sermons put over a lot of good humour and straight talking, and now and then they helped his sales—after he had spoken once of the meanness of people who put up such abominations as "No Hawkers" notices, a householder came to him later, and promised she would take hers down. His sermons taught him to speak with an ability that eventually led him to become a trade union leader, a county councillor and, in 1938, M.P. for Farnworth.

Under the Coalition came his job as a junior Minister with Bevin at the Ministry of Labour. Arriving at nine o'clock on his first morning, Tomlinson was stopped at the door. "Have you an appointment?" the hall porter asked.

"I hope so—at least I'm told so—I'm the new man."

"What, the new messenger?"

"No, I'm afraid I'm going to be one of the bosses," the new man apologized.

Once, at Chatham, again not even vaguely resembling the head of a department, he was waiting with a Whitehall official for a civic ceremony to begin when a local councillor ran up to the official and panted, "Has the Big Cheese arrived yet?"

"Aye, ah'm 'im," said George.

Within a few days of occupying a ministerial chair, George will visit the canteen and give the clerks a pep talk. He will sit on the table and tell them that he wants to get to know them, that if they meet him in the corridor and have anything to say they should say it, and that they must call him George.

The impulse of his personality is not ambition, nor gain—nor aggrandizement. It is the spirit of the good neighbour.

He has made no changes in Ellen Wilkinson's office, except that he can't endure the cold and has had all the windows in his room sealed. He works normal hours and devotes many of them to sitting in the House of Commons. He eats invariably at the House restaurant or in the cafeteria at the help-yourself counter—but prefers his wife's cooking at their apartments in Park Mansions.

He has a blind faith in Lancashire cricket, and he has adopted Chelsea for football because he lives nearby. Until lately he was detected in the 2s. 9d. queue, but caught cold and now leaves the matter of tickets to his secretary. For the big fights, Jack Solomons lets him in free. He goes to the cinema or the Palladium; he's gay in spite of himself, and has no strait-laced attitude towards a bit of fun.

By an odd coincidence he was baptised with the same name as the chairman of the Public Morality Council, a certain George Tomlinson, who approves of patrols of middle-aged women going out into the streets to save young girls from themselves. Both dignitaries were continually getting their correspondence mixed up until George, our one, was asked to make a statement.

He said: "Ah'm having far t'much trouble with my own morals t'be bother't abaht anybody else!"

TALKING POINTS ABOUT SMOKING

WE SPEND £520,000,009 a year on smoking, a habit which Lady Astor once called "one of the crimes of the age:" £400,000,000 of it go to the national exchequer in tax. In 1620, an M.P. complained that £120,000 was being spent annually on imports of tobacco; last year's figure was £68,000,000. This year, it is estimated consumption will amount to the equivalent of fifty-one cigarettes a week for every man, woman and child in the country.

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In 1946 our imports of tobacco increased by 28,000 tons to the record total of 193,000 tons, a quarter more than the 1938 total. Britain is spending twice as much on American leaf as before the war, but has cut her imports of Empire tobacco by nearly half. Cigarette smoking has increased by a third since before the war.

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The first Europeans to see smoking were two sailors put ashore in Cuba by Christopher Columbus in 1492. They reported that the natives carried lighted firebrands and puffed smoke through their mouths and noses, presumably to perfume themselves. So that he could take them with him to the happy hunting grounds, the North American Indian was buried with his tomahawk, his war club and his pipe. The calumet, or sacred pipe of peace, was only used at peaceful ceremonies. The war pipe was an actual tomahawk, with the reed handle perforated for smoking.

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Tobacco was first used in Europe as a medicinal herb. It was introduced to Catherine de Medici by Jean Nicot, a French ambassador, after whom was named the poisonous alkaloid it contains. Two grains of nicotine will kill a rabbit in two hours, but only three quarters of a grain can be extracted from a hundred grains of tobacco.

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Ralph Lane, Governor of Virginia, brought tobacco to England in 1586. Sir Walter Raleigh made it fashionable, and twenty-five years later there were 7,000 tobacco shops in London. In Russia, smoking was at first punished by cutting off the nose, and in the Swiss canton of Berne it was rated next to adultery as an offence.

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The first smokers in Britain used pipes; some were silver but most of them clay. The best "briars" are cut from a large shrub, *bruyere*, grown chiefly in the South of France.

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To protect the Colonial trade, tobacco growing was forbidden in Britain after it had been quite extensively cultivated in Yorkshire and in Scotland. A year's crop of some fourteen pounds can be raised from the single row of plants, five-and-a-half yards long, which the law now allows to be cultivated.

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In the first half of Queen Victoria's reign, smoking underwent a social eclipse, and not till 1868 did Parliament order the railway companies to provide smoking compartments. Travelling between Glasgow and Edinburgh in 1840, a regular passenger complained of a smell of tobacco. The guard walked along the train, but found no one smoking; nevertheless, the passenger sued the railway company and was awarded £8 6s. 8d. damages.

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Conventions die hard. Women racegoers in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot last year were rebuked by liveried attendants for smoking. Mr. Attlee and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, defy convention and light pipes at the end of official dinners.

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We still have periodical shortages, especially of cigarettes. During one of them, a Fleetwood woman tobacconist displayed this notice: "Sorry, no cigarettes. No matches. Nothing under the counter, only my feet."

Longer Lives FOR EVERYBODY

The battle against disease has made such strides that expectation of life has more than doubled in the last hundred years. By 1970 every child should have a fair prospect of becoming a centenarian

by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.

Graph illustrates the steady increase in average expectation of life since the turn of the century. A baby born in 1900 had only about 45 years of life to look forward to; one born in 1970 is likely to live to be 85 and may even be a certain centenarian!

RECENTLY IN JOHN BULL I quoted a famous geriatrist, a specialist in the study of old age, who thought that children born twenty years from now would all expect to live to be 100—and would in fact achieve that age.

Far from being extraordinary, this is an obvious next step in a long series of changes which began over a century ago.

Expectation of life is an estimate of the average number of years that will be lived by babies born in a particular year. A baby born in 1850 had less than thirty years of life to look forward to; a baby boy of 1900 had forty-five years. By 1920 the usual expectation of life was fifty-five years. Any baby born today may reasonably expect to live to the age of sixty or more.

Actually, every population group has lived longer than was estimated. Advances in medical science have been applied by public health workers, doctors, dentists and baby welfare specialists, and more than a third of today's over-sixty-fives owe the fact that they are still alive to those advances.

The tempo of scientific research has speeded up so much that an expectation of life of 85—or even 100—years for 1970 vintage babies is not so much a possibility as a probability.

At the moment nobody is sitting in a laboratory, peering down a microscope, and saying, "I will make everybody live to be a hundred." But thousands of workers in hundreds of laboratories are tackling the problem of curing and preventing particular diseases.

The sum of their efforts will mean that more and more people either recover or never even suffer from killing diseases.

In the early part of this century the majority of people died from infections of different kinds. Most of these infections have now been brought under control.

Now people live long enough to die of quite a different group of diseases. These diseases are now being studied and will in their turn be controlled.

This will again reduce the death rate and increase the expectation of life. Fifty years ago the death rate was twenty per thousand population; today it is twelve per thousand.

Main Causes of Death

What are the principal causes of death today? Nearly half the deaths recorded last year were due to over a hundred different causes, ranging from premature birth to premature death due to suicides, homicides and road accidents. Thirty-two per cent of all deaths were due to diseases of the heart and the circulation and to old age; fifteen per cent were due to cancer; eleven per cent to bronchitis, pneumonia and other diseases of the lungs, excluding tuberculosis.

Solution of the problems presented by these three disease groups would cut the death rate by fifty per cent. That is why research workers are concentrating on these groups rather than on more spectacular diseases which cause far fewer deaths.

Deaths from bronchitis and pneumonia have already diminished greatly since the sulphonamides were generally used in treatment. They should be fewer still once penicillin is as familiar to the general practitioner as it is to the hospital specialist.

There are some germs causing pneumonia, however, which are not touched by penicillin. Other antibiotics, such as streptomycin, may deal with some of these. Still others may be dealt with by new vaccines.

The Battle Against Cancer

Every year there are many deaths from influenzal pneumonia. A vaccine preventing influenza would save just so many lives each year. The bacteriologists are just beginning to experiment with influenza vaccines which really do seem to prevent influenza.

Cancer kills 70,000 people every year. This is at least partly because more people now live long enough to die of cancer, which is essentially a disease of the middle-aged.

Cancer is not having all its own way. Cases are being diagnosed earlier and therefore more cases are being cured. This is due just as much to a more general understanding of the problem by the layman as to the use of improved methods of diagnosis by family doctors.

But the big news on the cancer front is that there will soon be available for research unlimited quantities of radio-active isotopes—elements made radio-active artificially by the release of atomic energy.

Radium is the element which is naturally radio-active. Developments in the use of atomic energy enable us now to make any element radio-active. Many elements are selectively absorbed by different parts of the body. Calcium is absorbed by the bones, iodine by the thyroid gland, and so on. Radio-active calcium could be used therefore to attack directly sarcoma or some other cancer of the bones.

This does not mean that the cancer problem will be solved tomorrow. There are hundreds of different sorts of cancers. But it does mean that the research workers on this complicated subject will have a new weapon with immense potentialities.

It comes to hand at a time when advances are being made in our understanding of why and how cancers happen; at a time when electron microscopes are opening up a new and exciting phase in the study of individual cancer cells.

Advances have been made, too, in our understanding of diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Many deaths in these cases are due to thrombosis—to a blood clot blocking arteries which supply the blood to the brain or to the heart itself.

Two new drugs can be used to prevent this clotting. Heparin is a substance which has to be injected and which acts quickly and for a short time. Dicoumarol can be taken by mouth, acts slowly, and goes on acting for hours. These two together will prevent any chance of a fatal clot forming in patients who are specially liable to such a risk.

Living to a Hundred

Subacute bacterial endocarditis is one of the killing heart diseases. The death rate used to be one hundred per cent. Now active treatment with penicillin has already reduced this to thirty-five per cent or less.

Add up all these advances and others which are still in the experimental stage, and living to the age of a hundred comes out of the realm of pipe-dreams and into the sphere of probabilities.

Look at it this way:

The man born in 1900 could expect forty-five years of life. His son could expect to live to fifty-five. His grandson was born last week and is more likely to live to sixty-five than to the conservatively estimated sixty.

His great grandson will be born in 1970. His expectation of life will be seventy-five at least—American babies born last year have an expectation of life of over seventy years.

But it is more likely to be eighty-five and, with only a little luck in the laboratories, as research goes on, it could easily be a hundred.

Land girls helped to solve the wartime labour problem. And attracting young people to the land remains today's big need. Farmwork could be a fine career—with just a few improvements in the workers' "way of life"

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FARMWOR

**Manpower-shortage, now cripp
on our breakfast tables. But
could halt the drift from the**

FARMWORKERS ON THE AVERAGE live longer than any of us. Their work is not only healthy, but in the main enjoyable. So far as I know, it is the only job that town people volunteer to do for the fun of it, as a holiday.

Rightly, too, many of the million-and-a-quarter masters and men on the farms are better situated than most of us for milk and eggs, sometimes a bit of bacon or butter, and an occasional rabbit. On top of this, farmhands have extra harvest rations, extra clothing coupons.

When I go to London (as seldom as possible) I see people queueing for a restaurant lunch as early as 11.30 a.m. On the face of it, one would expect a "gold rush" back to the land.

Yet the farms of Britain are short of workers. At present the farmer relies partly on prisoners of war. Ask him what he will do when they have all gone back to Germany, and he shrugs. "I suppose we shall get through somehow," he says.

The White Paper issued by the Government in January states the position more precisely. By the end of the year, it estimates the manpower deficiency in agriculture at 33,000 workers.

To put it bluntly, this kind of shortage is likely to land eventually right on Britain's breakfast table—where bacon and eggs used to be. How can we solve the biggest problem in food production today, the shortage of manpower in agriculture?

I have worked on the land. I am proud to have farmers and farmworkers of all kinds as friends. I live in the middle of a 120-acre farm—and I think there is a workable solution. Before we consider it, let us clear away a couple of mistaken ideas.

First, what is wanted on the farms is *skilled* labour. For one thing, present agricultural economics are such that mechanization is the only way to make farming pay. Farmers want men who can manage machines and, if necessary, milk a cow as well.

The old "hordes of hands" era with its twelve shillings a week wages is now happily gone. The gaping yokel we hear in so-called humorous radio shows is long since departed, if he ever existed at all. The modern farmworker is an all-rounder with more skills, I dare say, than many a townsman.

The second mistaken idea is the official one in keeping the Control of Engagements Order in force with regard to agriculture. (Workers may change from one farm employer to another, but not go to another industry.)

This, I think, defeats its own purpose. It scares off possible recruits. They are afraid they will be stuck in a job which may not after all appeal to them. But it doesn't stop the old 'uns dying off.

Whether the order remains or not, there is no need for any young chap to hesitate over farmwork so long as he has the makings of a man about him. He can, if he wants, give it a try-out at weekends or for a holiday.

Takes the Gilt Off

That is what I did, after sixteen years in an office. When, as a result, I took to tractor-driving as a regular wartime job, farmwork seemed at first like one long holiday.

Later, I discovered some snags. A personal one was that human muscles take easiest to the tough techniques of farm life when young. Getting into training at my age was a gruelling experience.

The other disadvantages of life on the land were, I found, an accumulation of hardships and discomforts. They take the gilt off what is otherwise undoubtedly a good life.

Many farmhands have to live in conditions which have hardly improved in 200 years. It is not luxuries that are wanted. Give us a twentieth century standard of living in the country, and there straightaway is the answer to farming's present manpower difficulties.

There is a rural housing shortage, as everywhere. But fundamentally the problem is a human one which no statistics can adequately convey. It is a series of human stories—stories of picturesque inconvenience.

Slate Cottage, down Pinch's Lane, is where my old workmate, Jack Smith, lives. Jack is well over seventy. His garden is a picture, and the cottage cosy.

But like many old dwellings in the country, it was built originally to be near the pond, which may once have had a spring in it. Nowadays people don't drink pond water, and Jack or his missus has to fetch water with a barrow and a couple of milk churns from a farmhouse nearly a quarter of a mile away.

Wives Have a Grouse

This happens less than twenty miles from London. Naturally, water is an even worse problem in more remote places. Is any new farmworker likely to put up with a similarly "romantic" cottage, isolated and neighbourless, in a country lane? A man might, but not his wife.

Wives are rightly particular, too, about schools for their children. The village primary school, which my two young sons will attend until they are eleven, is a pretty, red-bricked building with open fields in front, a farm behind, and the church next door. But there is no running water for washing or drinking inside the school building; just a tap in the playground. Nor is there any proper

ploughing for sugar beet in the Fens. The lure of ıry has drawn many modern youngsters to the land

Romantic but tumbledown cottages of the old era. Better sanitation and less romance would be preferable

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g agriculture, may soon make itself felt
ıtter housing and working conditions
nd and make farmwork more popular

sanitation for the forty children, most of whom stay to their midday meal. There are only outside pail "privies," the same repulsively primitive arrangement as in the majority of rural working-class homes.

In many respects farmhouses are as primitive as the cottages. I have the telephone but no electricity. I still have to make do with paraffin lamps.

Burning a lot of logs, we are fortunately not affected by gas or electricity cuts. We just have to cut our own wood!

Womenfolk in the country want more buses to the shops. And they want cinemas in some of the country towns where, so far, local councils have set their faces against them.

Milking cows being a seven-days-a-week job, a cowman and his wife seldom went anywhere together in the old days. Now, enlightened farmers try to arrange a six-day week. More should do so.

As one farmer recently remarked to me: "If we are to attract workers, we *must* respect the man and his domestic problems—including his outing with his wife on Sundays."

A great deal more could be done to make working conditions encouraging to the new man.

It is grand to sit with the rest of the gang under a hedge in the summer, eating the midday sandwich meal. Many a time I have dozed afterwards for half an hour against a sunny bank.

But in winter, or when it rains, what a boon it would be on a dairy farm if the steam sterilizer's boiler was in a "bothie," where the men could sit to have dinner in the warm.

Farmers in general are aware of this sort of need. At our Fyfield Discussion Club the other night one speaker said: "We must look seriously to providing hot meals in the middle of the day for workers who come from a distance and cannot get home—hot meals from a communal centre."

There are some employers who treat their cows as carefully as hospital patients, but who would laugh at such a "molly-coddling" idea for their workers. They ought to be shown factory canteens and welfare arrangements, and see how employees are looked after nowadays by town concerns. This, after all, is the competition they face in the labour market.

The Man on the Tractor

It would give me great pleasure to take a factory inspector into the choking dust from a thrashing tackle when "knocking out" oats in a barn. Working in this unbelievable "sandstorm" for a day wracks the lungs and can even send a man to bed.

That is the side of the golden glory of harvest which the romantics ignore. The point is that it might easily be remedied.

The lure of machinery to the modern youngster means that there is no lack of tractor-drivers. A young man can "make his mark" in no more satisfying way than with a plough across a quarter of a mile of countryside. It is a source of pride to me that I have learnt to handle a tractor-plough.

But even this job can be rough. Magneto, plugs, and carburetter have weather protection; not so the man. There is a red-hot exhaust pipe, but he can warm neither his feet nor his drink.

I know from wintery experience that a tractor-ploughman would work faster and longer if he had a cosy cab. Lorry, tram and bus drivers are covered, but the tractorman has to "take it," come hail, rain or snow.

Don't confuse these "comfort" pleas with laziness or inefficiency. Reasonable comfort and efficient work go hand in hand. A new efficiency is arising in agriculture today which will attract the manpower and use it to the best advantage.

The Ministry of Agriculture is taking powers to rearrange holdings which are uneconomic in layout. There are more of these crazy jigsaw-shaped farms than the public realizes; only a farmhand knows what extra useless work they make.

Farmers, too, are seeking to save time. I recently described in a farm journal a sugar beet loader built by a clever farmer named Andrew Gemmill. Loading seven tons of beet on to a lorry is usually half an hour's job for three or four men with forks. One man can do it alone in five minutes with this loader simply by pulling a lever.

Such labour-saving is urgent on Britain's farms. Loading platforms, hoists and lifts, manure spreaders, milking machines, electric pumps, bull-dozers, combine-harvesters, handier corn sacks, post-hole borers—all these not only save man-hours but also win the enthusiasm of the workers.

The modern farmhand is no longer content to toil for an employer who uses slow, old-fashioned methods. He wants to be proud of the farm and the up-to-date way it is run.

Some farmworkers plan to have farms of their own. (The newly revised smallholding regulations will help them.) My tractor-driver friend, Bob Woodhouse, is making a start by keeping his own flock of sheep on the farm where he works. If more farmers were wise enough to smile upon such enterprise, the farm labourer's job could become a career with a real future.

The situation in farming today is by no means unfavourable to the newcomers. Wages were recently raised for farmworkers. Houses are coming along; water is promised.

The new Agriculture Bill guarantees markets, produce prices, security of tenure—everything for "fair weather" farming except the climate. Farmers should be able to treat their men well, which is, of course, what the large majority of them wish to do.

Fundamentally, farming is a job that must appeal to any man who is not afraid of hard physical work. There is a husbandman in each of us who stirs and wakens every spring when lambs leap in the meadows and the corn drill is busy in the fields.

In Short—Modernize

With some reasonable improvements to bring it in line with 1947 ideas, farmwork could be fun—a fine career for lusty men. Then it should not be difficult to attract the missing 33,000.

None of the suggestions I have made is impossible; many are easy. The manpower famine in vital food production can be legitimately overcome only by these means.

Make farmwork the grand job it could be, and agriculture could easily fulfil its present commitments. Britain's farms might even cut a welcome slice off that fifty per cent of our food which today still has to be imported.

JOHN MAY

PROBLEM FAMILIES

The Campaign Moves Forward

The scandal of Britain's "problem families," living in filth and misery with the children lousy and neglected, was described in a recent John Bull article. Three children in every hundred are brought up at home in conditions that would have been shocking a century ago. Here is news of a campaign to fight the conditions that we revealed

COMMANDOS AGAINST THE DIRT and ignorance of Britain's socially defective families. That describes the Family Service Units that are being organized by a national committee under the chairmanship of the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh is honorary treasurer of the National Committee. Its members include the Archbishop of York, Cardinal Griffin, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree and representatives of the Ministry of Health and the leading voluntary social and welfare organizations.

How will this National Committee of Family Service Units set about its job? And what precisely is the job it has to do?

Here is an extract from the case-book of the Pacifist Service Units who began to tackle the problem with inadequate funds but indomitable zeal during the war years. Their work and experience provide the starting point for the new organization.

"Mrs. 'A' was married at the age of twenty. She had four boys in quick succession, all sturdy and intelligent.

"When the war broke out Mr. 'A' joined up, and a year later was drafted abroad, shortly after the last child was born.

Home Dirtier, Children Wilder

"Left alone, Mrs. 'A' responded badly to this test of her character and ability. The children, accustomed to look to their father for authority and discipline, were soon beyond her control; the home grew dirtier as the children grew wilder and more neglected.

"She had no idea of how to spend economically, and the clock, some of the furniture and most of the bedding went to the pawnbroker. Her rent was in arrears and the landlord had her evicted.

"The house to which she moved had been blitzed a year before; the windows were partly boarded up and no cleaning had been done since the bombing. Mrs. 'A' made a poor start. She accepted the indescribable dinginess of the house and, dirty and untidy herself, she stayed in bed until ten or eleven in the mornings; she neither cooked nor cleaned, but spent the rest of the day sitting listlessly by the fire or gossiping with a neighbour.

"Only one of the five bedrooms was in use, and it contained two beds—one without a mattress, the other filthy, covered only by a ragged quilt and an old overcoat. There was excrement on the floor, left for days at a time. She had little furniture—most of it damaged—practically no cooking or cleaning utensils, no gas stove and no light.

"The entire family had recently been in hospital with scabies, and the two youngest could not be brought home owing to the shortage of bedding. All the children were undernourished and within a few months had had treatment for scabies, septic-scabies, impetigo and chicken-pox.

"The headmistress of the boys' school reported that they were extremely bad attenders, late when not absent, and never clean, and she was loath to have them return to her school."

That is the picture of one family which confronted the Service Unit when its aid was enlisted. How did it go about its work?

"A simultaneous attack was made on this situation in two directions: to transform the physical conditions, and through that transformation, and by direct encouragement, to overcome Mrs. 'A's' depression and renunciation of effort.

"Scrubbing, cleaning and distempering immediately secured a response, Mrs. 'A' joining in voluntarily and seeming to enjoy working in company.

"The fleas in the bedroom were conquered with the insecticide spray, and an additional bedroom was decorated and brought into use. While the Unit tackled the heavier jobs, Mrs. 'A' painted and varnished the doors, furniture and the grates.

"Clothing for the children was provided. She was urged to take the children for medical attention and, when they were fit, arrangements were made for them to attend a new school and have milk and dinners there. A watch was kept on their attendance, but little further difficulty was experienced.

Mrs. 'A' Is Given Every Chance

"After a short time it was decided that the unruliness of the boys was one of her greatest problems and, in order to give her a better chance to find her feet, the two eldest were evacuated for a year. While they were away she was not allowed to forget them and was fully conscious of the purpose of their temporary absence. They returned enormously improved in health to a mother more able to keep their respect and affection.

"Household management was one of her weakest points and every kind of advice, persuasion and suggestion was used to help her improve. Her budget was constantly discussed and established on a sound basis. The clock came out of pawn and the rent was paid regularly. Gradually she was helped to save; bedding, furniture and utensils were bought, the children's clothing maintained in a decent condition, and at last the long-silent radio was repaired.

"Evening visitors taught her to knit and sew, until she was able to make rugs and many articles for the children. Her former standards no longer seemed unattainable and sensible meals began to appear—stews, milk puddings and pastry."

There we leave the story of Mrs. "A's" family. The Unit worker moves on to another assignment—though still maintaining contact with Mrs. "A" to ensure that she does not slip back.

The newly formed National Committee of Family Service Units intends to take over responsibility for financing and directing the existing units in Liverpool and Manchester and to establish a new unit in London, which will at the outset work in the North Kensington and North Paddington districts.

Each team will comprise a fieldwork organizer and a minimum of four workers, aided by trainees and students. They will work from hostels with a small clerical and domestic staff. The hostels will be homes, rather than offices, so that workers can, if necessary, bring children and their parents to have a meal in clean surroundings—even a bath.

There is no big money in the job, no permanent career. The funds will come from public subscribers, possibly those who formerly gave donations to the hospitals.

This is a Commando task without the glamour. For the worker in the Family Service Unit it is not blood, toil, sweat and tears, but filth, stench, elbow grease and disillusionment. And the only reward is, in one case out of ten, the knowledge of having solved a problem that has beaten everybody else.

Policy: Reform by Example

The day's work may begin with taking a truant child to school and end with intervening in a street brawl at night. At the weekend the mother may disappear, leaving her family without money or even ration books, and the unit worker must come to the rescue.

The reason why the case of Mrs. "A" ended so happily is probably because the Service Unit heard about it in time. The intractable cases are usually those in which the family has dug itself so far into squalor, and for so long a period, that it no longer retains that spark of pride which could eventually save it.

For this is the secret of the work of the Service Units. They fan the spark of pride. They help and, by their example, set a standard which the family can follow.

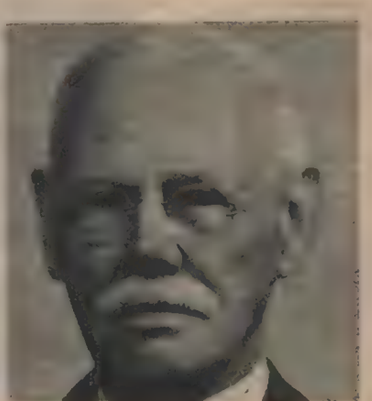
To backward parents, no amount of lecturing on cleanliness will make any difference. But let the unit workers call at the house, comb the children's hair, delouse them and bathe them—as they constantly do. Then the mother sees that these things can be done at home, and that they are so important that an outsider will go to the trouble of doing them himself. Her sense of shame is so stirred that she continues the work.

The mother who has probably been cold-shouldered by neighbours and given up as hopeless by harassed officials, finds not only a helper but a friend. The family has taken the first step on the road back to joining the rest of the community on equal terms.

It is a long road. Most of them still cannot follow it to the end. All of them need help. It is in order to organize and increase this help that the National Committee of Family Service Units has been formed. JOHN BULL applauds its action and will publish further reports on its work.

Hon. David Bowes-Lyon

Lord Balfour of Burleigh



B. Seebohm Rowntree

Chairman and members of the national committee which has been formed to organize the new Family Service Units

ON THE TRAIL OF TOMORROW (16)

SHIP SHAPE AND BRISTOL FASHION

by GORDON BECKLES

And, if Bristol's planners have their way, the same formula will hold for the future—only more so, says John Bull's Special Correspondent after visiting the city

Bristol's city centre. Beckles reports an ambitious plan that would give it a new shape and many new facilities. Projects include a housing estate for men working in the docks that fringe the city

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I am peculiar in this, but sometimes the rhythm of a train sets up a jingle in my brain; and on the way down here the jingle went *ship-shape-and-Bristol-fashion, ship-shape-and-Bristol-fashion.*

The jingle might, of course, have been about Bristol board, or Bristol red, or Bristol rock, Bristol milk or Bristol water; but no, it was "Bristol fashion," a phrase dating from the days of sailing ships when vessels setting out from Bristol quays were synonymous with neatness and good order.

Did this apply to Bristol today—or, rather, its prewar yesterday? Had Bristol been one of Britain's few "tidy" cities?

I have always found Bristol an attractive but most mystifying place. One moment you think yourself in a typical Midlands town weighted with ugliness; the next you are wandering in a Stratford-on-Avon lane. You turn the corner of a bank in what seems to be Threadneedle Street and are confronted with a schooner's sails, or pass through a lawyers' quarter like the Temple and discover a sea-going steamer handy. The sea creeps in everywhere; and wherever you walk it is always either up hill or down.

About the simplest thing to understand about Bristol's layout is that in the approximate centre is a place actually called "The Centre," a sprawling area like a factory dump, on which some past city fathers have seen fit to erect surface lavatories alongside a statue of Edmund Burke.

So no wonder, when Hitler's bombs rained down to shake people's brains as well as their homes, that men with foresight and vision saw that here was a chance to get their historic city "ship-shape and Bristol fashion."

A Blow from Whitehall

Now, make no mistake about it: Bristol has about the most ambitious plan in the country for re-building the centre of a city on sensible rather than grandiose lines.

The obstacles the planners have had to face are unique. Together with wide areas of complete devastation reminiscent of the City of London—devastation which almost wiped out the central shopping district—there was the fact that Bristol had been allowed to grow so untidily.

And the biggest knock they have had to face with courage is that when they went to Whitehall with a £26,000,000 plan for re-building 770 acres of Bristol they were told to think again, and cut two-thirds off the original scheme.

It is some time since I touched on wholesale town planning in my search for the shape of tomorrow, so let us see what there is in the "Bristol plan" that might be applied to your own city or town.

(1) First they want to complete that "inner (or outer) circle" road which is the dream of all town planners, and which German architects developed years ago to encircle and preserve the historic centres of their cities.

(2) "Talking of 'museum pieces'," the Town Planner No. 1 told me, "Bristol has got more than four hundred buildings in the centre which are to remain untouched, and which have to be made to fit into any scheme."

Shops to Attract Outsiders

(3) They have planned a new shopping area, adjoining which a new bus centre must be created. This shopping centre is not a local affair, but a regional one drawing bus shoppers from Wiltshire, Somerset and Gloucestershire.

How many towns do you know in which the bus drops its passengers at all the most inconvenient points? At present, Bristol's former shopping neighbourhood is in such blitzed chaos that when I wandered about trying to buy a pair of nail scissors I kept on finding myself opposite a shop which seemed to sell only white bowlers for placing over the ends of jazz-band saxophones.

But that is by the way.

(4) The central markets will lie handy to the railway, and—in Bristol's case—to the series of salt-water canals which are known as the Floating Harbour, and which connect through the Avon Gorge with the great neighbouring port of Avonmouth.

How many towns do you know in which the distributing markets are placed at inconvenient spots? My vote goes to Covent Garden, the great fruit and vegetable market of London, which succeeding generations of planners have wept tears over but failed to move.

(5) The Civic Centre—all towns want one nowadays. Bristol's will have the council house, museum, art gallery, library and the medical clinic.

(6) A separate area will group an extension to the existing university, the Royal Infirmary and a new training college for doctors.

(7) Car parks? As in other cities, Hitler's bombs have cleared various suitable surface sites, but Bristol has decided against any central car park until it can be hidden underground.

(8) One plan that seems Bristol's own: the parish of historic St. Mary Redcliffe's, hard by the centre, should become a housing estate devoted to key workers employed on the adjacent railways, docks and industrial area. A good idea.

Well, there we have roughly accounted for the greater part of the £26,000,000 that eventually may be spent on making Bristol a tidier city.

How has Bristol made its money in the past? How is it making it today? Can it go on making it?

I have found one most interesting thing about Bristol.

"There is no place in England with such a diversity of trades," a business man told me. "And one result of this is that even in the worst of prewar slump days we had what we believed to be the lowest unemployment figures of any city in the country."

Yes, Bristol rock (which is a crystal), Bristol red (which is a dye), and Bristol milk (which is a sherry) are merely the start in an encyclopaedic list of local enterprises. Behind this business man's chair hung a sign which read: "When Motor Cars Fly, Bristol Will Build Them."

Varied Things They Make

Down here they make corsets, railway locomotives, machines that turn out a million pills a day, liquid soaps from tar, paper bags, plastics, bird seed, bottled fruits, raincoats, zinc goods, shoes, omnibuses, aeroplanes, bricks, caravans—indeed, Bristol's business motto might well be taken from Lewis Carroll's "Shoes and ships and sealing-wax."

All over Bristol there are signs of that thriving and prodigious industry which is consuming so much of the American loan just now, thanks to the British public's determination to inhale only Virginian tobacco when it smokes its millions of cigarettes each year.

Jewellery, pickles, chocolates, cards and electric fans . . . this city must be the ideal home of the "alternative employments" the Government is seeking to encourage in other communities which have hitherto pinned their faith to only one or two trades.

I thought, after talking about all this, that it would be instructive to examine the shipping register and the nature of the cargoes discharged here. These cargoes constitute Chapter One in that

as I was saying . . .

WICKET-GATE TO PARADISE

by Herbert Hodge

EVERY TIME I MENTION a book on this page, someone writes asking how to get it. Months go by, sometimes, and still these letters come in. It's encouraging that anyone should take such an interest, of course; but it's surprising that they should need advice on how to get a book.

But perhaps it isn't so surprising when you come to think about it. As a nation, we spend about twopence on books for every ten shillings we spend on beer and tobacco. So this business of getting a book may be as much of a mystery to some people as filling in a football coupon is to me.

Well, here's how to do it. If it's a new book, and you want to buy it, try a bookshop. If it's an old book, try a secondhand bookseller. In nearly every fair-sized town, there's a bookseller who specializes in getting such books to order. But if you simply want to read the book, or your booksellers can't supply it (as is quite likely in these days of shortage), the thing to do is to ask for it at your local public library.

It seems there are still many people who don't know about their public library; or, if they do, don't realize the service it can give them. Since we all pay for this service through the rates, we are all entitled to make the utmost use of it.

The public library is my idea of Heaven. It's the only place I know where the old text: "Ask and it shall be given unto you," really comes true. When I die, I want no harp. All I ask is that my ghost be allowed to haunt a good public library.

All you have to do to get a book is to fill in a registration form at the counter. You will then be given your borrower's ticket—or tickets. If you are not a local ratepayer, or a householder, you may have to get a ratepayer to sign your form, guaranteeing you as a person fit to be trusted with library books.

That done, and the tickets in your hand, the library is all yours. You pass through the little wicket-gate, and enter into Paradise. Hundreds and thousands of books stand ranged on the shelves all round you. You can reach out a hand and take down anything you fancy. You can sample and browse among the books as long as you like. And when, finally, you've made your choice, you go to the counter, get it stamped, and take it home.

If You Know What You Want

So much for obtaining books in general. Now for the book you want in particular. If you know either its title or its author, you can usually find it for yourself, without having to ask the assistant.

Just inside the wicket-gate, you'll see the library catalogue, in the form of a card index. Nearly all libraries use the same system. Books are listed in alphabetical order under both authors and titles. Each book has its own card, and on that card you'll find a number indicating its position on the shelves.

If the book isn't on its shelf, it's probably "out." In that case, you can often get the library to reserve it for you. The library will notify you by post as soon as it's available, if you leave the money for the stamp.

But suppose it isn't listed in the card index—meaning it isn't in the library at all. That doesn't mean you can't have it; it simply means that you'll have to ask the library to get it for you. The odds are that the library *will* get it.

That is where we come to the really marvellous part. I remember when, as a taxi-driver in the early thirties, it took me all my time to earn fifty bob a week, but I never went short of books. I read a review of a new series of books on philosophy—just what I wanted. But they were published at four guineas the set; completely beyond my reach. Without much hope, I asked for them at my local library. As I'd feared, the librarian doubted if he could buy such expensive books, but said he might be able to get them for me through another library.

It Was a Great Moment

And he did. A few weeks later, he put those volumes into my hands, brand new — with a time-allowance of several months for reading them. It was one of the greatest moments of my life. There's no phrase big enough to express the gratitude I feel toward public libraries.

There is, of course, an extremely interesting story behind all this, but I haven't space for it here. Let it suffice that, however hard-up you may be and however expensive or abstruse the book you want, there's a good chance that your local library will be able to get it for you.

I'm not suggesting that your librarian will comb all the libraries in England to get you *Up In Mabel's Room* or *The Case of the Blood-stained Breadknife*—though he might do so if you could give him a sufficiently strong reason, such as that you were making a special study of this type of novel.

You'll probably find this type of fiction on your library shelves in fairly large quantities. But I don't know of any public library which has either the money or the staff to spare for an extensive personal service in this department.

I know of one public library which has bought a dozen copies of *Forever Amber*. But they've had to let it go at that—first come, first served. The librarian tells me that he hasn't yet had a chance to read it himself.

The fiction departments of most public libraries still find it impossible to *reserve* novels for borrowers. But if you're lucky enough to be the first to suggest buying a new novel, and the library acts on your suggestion, you'll probably be offered the first go at it.

I don't worry much about fiction. I find that I get far more fun out of the "non-fiction" shelves—autobiographies, essays, diaries, stories of travel, plays and books about all the thousand-and-one interests that go to make up a full life.

I expect, after having written that, I shall now get some letters from readers telling me that I've been whetting their appetites for nothing—that their own local library is nothing like so good as the kind I've described here. I think they will be only the unlucky few.

Continued from previous page

economic history of Great Britain which we are all having to learn rather painfully these days—cargoes of imported timber, grains, fruits, animal foods, sugar, metals, spirits, bananas, meats, oil-seeds, petroleum and wood pulp.

Will the tomorrow ever come when synthetic methods of manufacture, a dwindling population, and a greater development of our waste lands make these imports negligible?

The answer to such questions lies not in White Papers and statistics but with the men and women of tomorrow.

I listened to a stimulating argument which started with a farmer saying: "Trouble is all this new education is turning our boys into pen-pushers instead of craftsmen."

And then another in the group took up the story. He told of an eighty-eight years old worker who died in Bristol this year, and who was apprenticed as a printer and bookbinder more than seventy years ago. The terms of his indenture forbade him — said this man — to marry during his seven years' trial, to play cards or to throw dice.

"And he couldn't 'haunt taverns or playhouses,' as they used to say," added his friend. "Not for seven years."

"Bit hard on a youngster," suggested someone.

"Perhaps. But old Fred knew his trade by the end of it."

A certain strictness in the matter of "playhouses" seems to have lingered in Bristol, for only recently a proposal for Sunday opening of cinemas was heavily defeated at a meeting of the City Council.

As for the "tavern" side of it, Bristol claims that it is the soberest city in the country, by which it means that "less than one person was convicted of drunkenness each week last year."

But the stern terms of those articles of indenture do pose an interesting problem: does a strict upbringing mean a fuller and happier citizen in later life, or is it better to let the rising generation find its own level?

I don't know the answer!

Ideal City of the Future

Bristol may have grown up untidily, in the best British "muddle through" fashion, but in an odd way it does suggest the ideal industrial city of the future.

This city of hills was lucky enough to escape the full weight of the Industrial Revolution of over a century ago, in its early and grimmest phases. And most of its industries, being relatively new, are not handicapped by the traditional techniques and methods which have proved so damaging in the heavy industries of the north.

That monster aeroplane, the Brabazon, being built nearby—and all the other Bristol aeroplanes overhead — seems to symbolize the modern spirit of the place.

And then there is Clifton, with its graceful Georgian flavour, its crescents and squares reminiscent of Bath, and the lovely high Downs beyond. Most of urban England at present is roughly cast into two groups. One, the historic, antiquated and picturesque; two, the ugly and utilitarian, created in the nineteenth-century industrial age which enriched the few but enslaved the many.

Bristol suggests—even though it be by accident—a happy balance between the beautiful and the money-earning-practical. Bristol, in short, is a better place than it looks.

All it wants is to be made more "ship-shape and Bristol fashion."

"Which will be done, whatever the Ministry of Town Planning thinks," said the city father in charge of the job, on the eve of one of his periodic visits to Whitehall.

[Next article in this series—Portsmouth]

THE SIX UNDERTAKERS OF EL ZIFTAWI

With six undertakers to its 120 inhabitants, it could almost be said that the people of El Ziftawi lived by taking in each others' bodies. Events proved that dead rivals are worth more than live potential customers

by ALAN JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

"You lie, progeny of a thousand hogs!" shrieked Hakim, seizing Habib and tearing his shirt. A little later there was a flash of steel

THE VILLAGE OF EL ZIFTAWI was nine miles from Damascus. It was much the same as any other Syrian village. It had a population of one hundred and twenty, a police post, a *mukhtar* or mayor, and as many cafes as mosques.

It also (and this was a claim to distinction) had six undertakers.

Now, six into one hundred and twenty is twenty. One undertaker to twenty people. And of those twenty people, there were seldom more than four who might reasonably be expected to die within a given year.

Life was hard for the six undertakers of El Ziftawi; the more so because El Ziftawi was one of the healthiest spots in Syria, infant mortality was less than one-half per cent per annum, and the average expectation of life was 84.6 years. People who did not know El Ziftawi were prone to ask why, since the profession was demonstrably overcrowded, did the six undertakers continue in it, and how did they live?

Tradition had a lot to do with it. Undertaking had been a leading craft of the village for many generations, and the inhabitants took a pride in it. Certainly they did it very well, though the same shroud had to be used every time, and wood nowadays was not of the best quality, so much of it having been requisitioned by the French and British armies during the war.

Again, among El Ziftawi's one hundred and twenty souls (most of whom were related to each other) there were three Christians and five Jews. Obviously no Christian or Jew, with the best will in the world, wanted to be buried by a Moslem undertaker; nor could any good Moslem allow himself to be assisted into the next world by an infidel. Each religion, therefore, required its own mortician. The Jewish undertaker, one Mordecai, was thus waiting for four people to die, unless he himself died first, which was probable, since the others were his own family. The Christian, Joel, had a still smaller potential clientele.

The remaining four undertakers were all Moslems of various sects, and the trade was handed down from father to son. It did not, of course, command a subsistence income; but where in any case, would El Ziftawi have been without the hashish industry and a little modest trafficking in rifles?

To say that the funeral business in El Ziftawi was competitive would be an understatement. To compare our six heroes with vultures, however, would be uncharitable to half a dozen keen business men.

Consider what happened when the Mukhtar died.

The Mukhtar, Nasr-el-Din, was easily the richest man in the community, and, next to Sergeant Latif of the gendarmerie, the most influential. Between them they ran the whole village. When, therefore, Nasr-el-Din was heard to be seriously ill and likely to leave this world, the six undertakers were, quite literally, on their toes. A small band of runners—six, to be precise — stationed themselves outside Nasr-el-Din's house waiting for the doctor's pronouncement of death.

Now the official undertaker to the Mukhtar's family was one Tahsin. At seventy-two he was the oldest and most prosperous of the six competitors. By all the rules of seniority and tradition, it seemed, the contract should have gone to him. Out of delicacy, however, the sons of Nasr-el-Din had not yet communicated with Tahsin. Mordecai the Jew and Joel the Christian had little hope of getting the business: still, Nasr-el-Din was the richest man in the village, and the publicity would be useful. The remaining three undertakers, whose names were Jamal, Hakim and Habib, were confident of ousting the elderly Tahsin. Besides, it was a mark of respect to the deceased that they should all apply for the honour of burying him.

By Oriental custom, the departed must be interred within twenty-four hours of death. In summer, moreover, it was a matter of hygiene. And so, when Sergeant Latif came to the door of Nasr-el-Din's house and announced in a solemn and mighty voice: "Woe and alack! The Mukhtar is dead!" the six waiting runners scarcely paused to shout "Allah, receive his soul!" before disappearing in six different directions and as many

clouds of dust. Within a few minutes the six undertakers were to be seen running for all they were worth to Nasr-el-Din's house.

Hakim, who lived nearest, and Habib, the youngest and most athletic, were first on the spot: it was a dead heat. They beat Jamal by a short head. The three of them stood outside, awaiting Sergeant Latif's permission to enter.

Mordecai the Jew and Joel the Christian followed at a dignified speed, as befitted the gravity of the occasion. But it was sheer bad luck for Tahsin that he was the oldest and feeblest of the undertakers and also lived farthest away; for he arrived last. Indignantly he thrust his way through the other five, sprinted up the steps of Nasr-el-Din's house, and opened his mouth to call upon Sergeant Latif to witness that his was the inalienable right——

But he never spoke. The exertion had been too much for him, and brought on a heart attack. He was dead in a matter of seconds.

THERE was now the most tremendous conflict imaginable in the minds of the surviving five candidates: should they concentrate on Nasr-el-Din — or should they compete for the custom of old Tahsin?

It was well known that he was more than comfortably off. True, he was less profitable than the Mukhtar, but the contract might be easier to get. And yet —Tahsin's death had removed the only monopolist: competition for the account of Nasr-el-Din was now free for all.

There was very little time for submitting tenders, and each man began to think of a rock-bottom price to serve as a basis for bargaining. The five stood motionless, hesitating, calculating, their minds utterly torn between the two possibilities.

Joel the Christian was the first to recover. Until a doctor arrived, it was not certain that old Tahsin was dead beyond recall. So Joel fell decently upon his knees beside the body, called for water, lifted old Tahsin up in his arms and tried to carry him into Nasr-el-Din's house. This was instantly misinterpreted by Jamal, Hakim and Habib, who stood in his path, thinking that it was only a stratagem to force an entry into the house ahead of them and secure two funeral contracts simultaneously.

"Christian dog!" sneered Hakim. "We know your cunning. Do you think you can win the sympathy of Tahsin's daughters and insinuate yourself into the Mukhtar's family at one and the same time? Have you forgotten that one of Tahsin's daughters is my wife? That I buried Tahsin's wife, my mother-in-law, and that I am thus official undertaker to Tahsin's family?"

"I have not forgotten, noble Hakim," Joel replied meekly.

"Since you mention relationships," interrupted Jamal, playing his ace, "I would point out, gentlemen, that you are all wasting your time with regard to the Mukhtar. Remember that my daughter —Allah, send her fifty strong boys!—is married to the Mukhtar's son!"

At this, young Habib laughed loudly: "I am nearer to Mukhtar than that," he boasted. "For I am betrothed to the Mukhtar's daughter, and—preserve his soul!—he was surely happier to lose a daughter than to gain one!"

"You lie, progeny of a thousand hogs!" shrieked Hakim, seizing Habib by the collar of his shirt and contemptuously tearing a large rent in it.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" murmured Mordecai, nervously squeezing his hands together.

BUT Hakim was apt to lose his temper very quickly in the scorching midday heat, and in a second he had struck Habib on the nose. Suddenly they were one raging organism, snarling and rolling in the camel dung. A flash of steel, a spurt of crimson, and Hakim lay dead. Young Habib, his rage suddenly cooling, stood with dripping knife, staring at what he had done.

"Assassin! Assassin! You have killed my kinsman!" Jamal, his face contorted with hatred, sprang upon Habib. The Jew and the Christian looked at each other helplessly: they knew that a family blood-feud was the only solution to the quarrel between Habib and Jamal; to satisfy honour, Jamal must kill Habib. But Habib was younger, more violent and much stronger, and a few minutes later Jamal, too, was dead.

AT this point Sergeant Latif, who had been drinking a sympathetic coffee with Nasr-el-Din, the Mukhtar's family, bestirred himself to come to the door of the house again to see what all the noise was about. Mordecai and Joel gave him a brief account of what had happened.

"I arrest you, Habib," said Latif, clapping on the manacles. He sent a boy to fetch the two village constables who were playing tric-trac at a cafe along the Damascus Road. "The Mukhtar has been prepared and reverences have been done. Where is the undertaker?"

"Here, sir," said Mordecai and Joel with one voice.

This was a shock to the good sergeant. A Christian and a Jew competing for the burial of a Moslem? Latif controlled his consternation: "Follow me." He led the way into Nasr-el-Din's house, pulling Habib after him.

Mordecai the Jew and Joel the Christian looked at one another warily and exchanged a shrug.

"Business is looking up," remarked one, surveying the three corpses.

"True," said the other, adding carefully: "It is probable that, in the event of the death penalty, Habib also——?"

"That is more than possible."

They faced each other hesitantly, the only survivors of the six undertakers of El Ziftawi. At length Joel murmured: "These people are so primitive. Two clever men can profit from their petty squabbles."

"You are suggesting a partnership?"

"It is the best way. Minorities must unite."

"We have begun propitiously," observed Mordecai. "Shall we go in?" Arm in arm they entered the house of Nasr-el-Din.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

by ROFFE THOMPSON

It's up to you

I AM quite sure that among all the shortages that are afflicting us at the moment, a shortage of determination is one of the most serious. Everywhere there is far too much readiness to give up. There is not nearly enough dogged resolve o do in **that** way what we cannot do in **this**.

We are all in danger of becoming too reliant on someone else to do our thinking and our planning and our achieving for us.

It won't get us anywhere, you know. In the whole history of mankind it is doubtful if anyone ever achieved anything worthwhile except by his own efforts. Other people can help —just as they can hinder if we let them—but on the whole they can only help effectively when we ourselves are already in action.

To expect anything else is about as wise as for a runner to think he can win a race with his legs in splints. Perhaps, for some obscure reason, we have come to believe that achievement is easy of attainment. If so we are sadly in error. No achievement, great or small, was ever easy. Nothing was ever accomplished without hard work, without toil and labour, frequent setbacks and disappointments and without overcoming every conceivable obstacle. If anyone tries to tell you differently, don't you believe them.

Now, knowing this to be true, if we set out to do something, we shan't be so heartbroken when we strike snags, as most assuredly we shall.

We shall merely grin, a little ruefully maybe, and try some other method and some other route.

But for Heaven's sake do let's **try**. Faint heart never won either fair lady or anything else!

by IAN FOX

Day Off—And On

THE MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE wakes up, realizes it is his Saturday morning off. No need to go to work. Tells wife.

Wife says she used to have a Saturday morning off—before she was married.

Man About The House leaps out of bed saying he will take advantage of whole free morning to do all those odd jobs that have waited so long. Will put washer on bathroom tap, and has wifey any other jobs that it takes a man to do?

Wifey says yes, he can fix the loose tile in the kitchen floor and stop the water tank making clanking noises and make the larder door shut properly and stop the electric iron giving out blue sparks. Just to go on with.

After breakfast, Man About The House sits by fire to have a quick skim through the newspaper. Wifey hurries over cleaning and sets off early to stand in queues, telling Man About The House not to forget to put on the lunch (*Casserole de boeuf corné avec pommes de terre bouillies*) so that it will be cooked by the time she gets back.

Man About The House finds some important news in the paper—the Sheffield Thursday team looks as if it will stand a good chance, and four people have been found in a bungalow with their heads bashed in. Inspector Bloodhound has ruled out the possibility of suicide. . . .

* * *

Man About The House is just getting up to mend tap when doggie comes racing in with ball. "Oo's a fine fellow! Catchee, catchee!" says Man About The House, lapsing into second childhood and getting down on all fours. Ball goes through glass door of china cabinet and stops game after only half an hour's play.

Man About The House sweeps up glass and thinks he will clean and scrape his pipe so he won't have to fiddle with it while mending tap. Pipe cleaners are not where *he* left them.

* * *

During search picks up wifey's book telling what dreams mean. Lot of rubbish! Remembers last night's dream and looks it up. Hm, there might be something in it. Reads on. . . .

What was he looking for? Oh, yes — pipe cleaners. Opens drawer and comes across seed catalogue. Runs through it. Wonders if he *could* squeeze in a row of sweet peas. Goes into the garden to look. . . .

The Man On The Other Side Of The Fence is against sweet peas. Soil is not right. Turns out that Man About The House knows all about football pool permutations while Man On The Other Side Of The Fence doesn't understand them. Well, says Man About The House, you want five bankers. . . .

Wifey's voice calls from the house and is understood to say something about lunch, past one o'clock, taps, tiles, tanks, electric irons and Saturday mornings off.

FREE SPEECH

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One Guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

LIFE'S GRAND, THANKS

SINCE FROM ALL SIDES we hear complaints and grumbling, I should like to put on record an individual view.

I am happy. I have a grand wife and a bonny baby. I earn only four guineas a week and my material assets do not exceed a small library and a typewriter. I have every faith in the Government I helped to place in power, and at twenty-five I am deeply in love with life.

I thank God for the contentment and tranquillity of mind that spring from an abundant faith in progress—and the reading of good books.—H. WELCH, 30 Bank Street, Brighouse, Yorkshire.

—And a Gloomy View

A SICK POPULATION living in a dead country, England. That sums us up. When are we going to face the fact that we are no longer the mighty and complacent power our grandfathers knew? We are a second-rate power, and I can see no chance of our ever being anything else. Surely something is amiss when the world's greatest producer of coal cannot find enough fuel for home or industry.

The only hope is to educate our children and pray they will not make the mistakes we have made.—MICHAEL J. KENYON, Leighton Park School, Reading, Berks.

Cinema Clubs: Lip Service . . .

I AGREE WITH Hubert Cole's view in JOHN BULL that destructive criticism of the "Saturday Morning Cinemas" is easy, but, as a schoolmaster, I have yet to be convinced that the clubs have any purpose other than that of consolidating the cinema habit so that it will persist whatever the type, value or quality of the entertainment provided.

What social value have these so-called clubs? They merely cut across the work of schools, youth clubs and youth organizations by providing pleasures at low cost with no attempt to build up the qualities of citizenship, comradeship and character. The recitation of the club code of honour, the oath of allegiance to the Crown and the promise to behave well are merely lip service, to be forgotten by the children as soon as they stream out after the show.

If the film magnates are really concerned about the welfare of the nation's children, let them place their cinemas, without cost, at the disposal of education authorities on Saturdays and other convenient mornings, when films, both instructive and entertaining, can be selected (and paid for) by those best qualified to do so.—F. G. FURSMAN, 465 Hertford Road, London, N.9.

. . . A Great Job

AS A VOLUNTARY HELPER at a cinema club in Ealing since the day it started over two years ago, I second every word Hubert Cole said in his article. We are doing a grand work, teaching courtesy, etc., which many schools neglect, and I have been thanked by many mothers. Some of them go out to work, and it is a great relief to them to know that their little ones are safe and happy. The children's manners have improved beyond recognition. They now touch their caps, with a cheery "Good morning, miss," instead of rudely pushing by and not even raising their caps to the King's photograph when the National Anthem is played.—MISS M. WINIFRED ASH, 9 Lynton Avenue, London, W.13.

Iron Rations

CANNOT something be done about this cooking fat we get for our ration? We have been told it takes a cool hand

"... a hot hand to melt the stuff"

for good pastry, but you need a hot hand to melt the stuff I've been getting. It is like iron.—MRS. M. BROWN, 6 John Street, West Kyo, Annfield Plain, Co. Durham.

Baby Two-seater

WHEN I TRIED TO ORDER a twin push chair recently I was told that a doctor's note was necessary. I cannot imagine that anyone in her right mind would want to buy a twin pram unless it was necessary. And I do not see why a doctor's time should be wasted over a note.—MRS. A. LEE, 105 Milton Avenue, Margate.

"The Blind Scorn Pity"

MY CONGRATULATIONS ON the timely and revealing article, "The Blind Scorn Pity," by Leslie Brewer.

It has been obvious for many years that all voluntary workshops and institutions for the blind should be municipalized, and that the scale of wages and domiciliary financial assistance should be standardized throughout the country instead of varying from area to area.

Voluntary associations have done excellent work in the past and will continue to do so if taken over by the local authorities; and the "charity aspect"—so humiliating to many who are incapacitated — would cease. — R. J. F. WHYTE, Seaham Grange, Seaham, Co. Durham.

Compromise Will Win

THE ARTICLE IN JOHN BULL, "Can America Prevent a Slump?" more than interested me — it excited me because I cannot yet make up my mind whether the apparently hopeless future of the world can be settled by Russian totalitarianism or the sort of inspired muddling that is going on in the United States.

In fact, it is more than likely that Britain will once again come off best if she can achieve compromise. But can you, or any of your readers, see signs that the workers, who now have the bit between their teeth, will realize that there must be bosses and there must be enterprise outside a bureaucratic framework? —GEORGE WORTHING, Scott Ellis Road, London, N.6.

There's a Paper Famine

YOUR READER'S SUGGESTION that small coal should be sifted, packed into empty cartons and baked on the fire indicates an appalling ignorance of important facts about the paper situation.

There is a world famine in papermaking fibre, to which the fibre in waste paper can make a valuable contribution if we conserve and collect it.

In fact, waste paper is in itself an essential raw material. If we could stop people burning it (which is suggested by your correspondent) it would go a long way towards alleviating one of the most serious shortages with which we are at present afflicted.

People are clamouring for more consumer goods at home. There is the export drive. These things must have cartons, cardboard and wrapping papers for transport and protection. Even the Government's housing plans are affected, for the fibre in waste paper can be re-pulped and turned into ceiling boards while wood is scarce.

Waste paper is, as you see, not only an essential raw material but a valuable national asset because we can use it over and over again in one useful form or another.—SIDNEY T. GARLAND, Waste Paper Recovery Association, 52 Mount Street, London, W.1.

Ladies Only

WOMEN WHO COMPLAIN that their sex doesn't predominate in anything, should have gone to Barnstaple (North Devon) court the other day. Every

"Every magistrate . . . every defendant"

magistrate on the Bench was a woman. *So was every defendant!*—R. W. LOCK, 84 Watermoor Road, Cirencester, Glos.

Lawyers Aren't to Blame

I WAS TRAINED for the Bar and had to give it up because I could not afford to wait till I could earn a living but, despite this experience, I am not prejudiced, and perhaps may give the lawyer's point of view on your article, "Justice Costs Too Much" (JOHN BULL, March 8).

There is a great deal more integrity and generosity among lawyers than many people think and, as a rough generalization, it would be true to say that few poor litigants with justice on their side suffer.

If the Bar were "nationalized" I dread to think of the numbers who would suffer through official delay. Do not forget that as things are there are scores of struggling young advocates who will take on a case for no other reason than that it will add to their reputation—provided it is a case and not a bit of bad-tempered quarrelling.—JOHN SOMMERS, Regent Street, Cambridge.

Pay Parade

TRENCHING WORK has been going on in our street. On Fridays a massive car arrives and the men have to queue up, often in the busiest part of the thoroughfare and under the gaze of passers by, to draw their wages. This seems inconsiderate.—JAMES DOBIE, 82 Stenhouse Drive, Edinburgh 11.

Values Change

TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO my husband bought the house in which we live for £300. The landlord wanted to sell the house next door but one for the same price, but we did not buy. Recently the tenant of this house died and the property is now up for sale. Price? £1,750.—MRS. G., West Ealing, London, W.13.

JOHN BULL QUIZ

BRITISH FILMS

(1) "A fusion of psychology and popular classics could hardly have failed"—James Mason, talking about which of his films? (2) Where is the largest British film studio? (3) Why did they have to re-shoot some of *The Wicked Lady* before it could be shown in America? (4) Which film company is just starting a newsreel, and which are the five existing ones? (5) Who directed *Brief Encounter* and who *A Matter of Life and Death*?

DOGS

(1) The Alsatian had a different name before a certain event; what was the name and what was the event? (2) Why do dogs turn round and round before sitting down? (3) Which dogs usually have to suffer fancy coat-trimming? (4) Some dogs are deliberately crossed with wolves; which, and why? (5) What sort of dogs used to be kept in whose sleeves?

TITLES

(1) What does "Rt. Hon." in front of Ernest Bevin's name mean? (2) When writing to a bishop how should you begin your letter and how should you address the envelope? (3) Where would you find a Stakhanovite and what is the qualification for this title? (4) What were the names of Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Inverchapel before they were raised to the peerage? (5) Who can legally put "Esq." after their names?

AESOP'S FABLES

(1) How did the mouse help the lion that spared it? (2) What did the fox say when it couldn't reach the grapes? (3) Which fable illustrates "Look before you leap"? (4) What happened to the proud oak that would not bow before the wind like the humble reed? (5) "Why do you groan, when those who are drawing all the weight are silent?" cried the wagon-driver to his creaking wheels. What proverb does this illustrate?

POSSIBILITIES

(1) Could Mozart have travelled by rail? (2) Could Jane Austen have changed a pound note? (3) Could William Pitt have heard Big Ben strike? (4) Could Queen Anne have gone to the Derby? (5) Could Theodore Roosevelt have spoken to England by wireless?

[*Answers on page 19*]

Full of warmth and laughter

UNCLE REMUS • B'er RABBIT
B'er FOX • B'er BEAR
in
Walt Disney's
GREATEST AND HAPPIEST PRODUCTION
SONG OF THE SOUTH "U"
In Technicolor
6 SONGS TO SING, HUM AND WHISTLE
RKO RADIO PICTURES

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems should be sent to "Humanist," at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

Maintenance of Wife . . .

"MY SON WAS A WIDOWER with three daughters, but he remarried and his wife wants the girls to be turned out of the house. He refused to do this and turned his wife out instead. He has offered to take her back and wants to know if she can now claim maintenance."

▸▸ If your son's offer to take his wife back is genuine, she would be guilty of desertion if she refused to return. He would not be obliged to maintain her.

. . . and of Husband

"A MARRIED WOMAN has maintained her husband for the past twenty years out of her own private income. She now wishes to leave him and wants to know whether she is under any obligation to continue supporting him. He is an able-bodied man but she is an invalid."

▸▸ The wife would not be obliged to maintain her husband unless he was unable to maintain himself and became chargeable to Public Assistance.

Schedule "A" Assessment

"BUYING MY HOUSE through a building society, I find that the interest I pay on the loan is allowed on my income tax form. But £20 has been deducted from my allowances for house property. Is this correct?"

▸▸ The £20 is the annual value or Schedule "A" assessment on the house of which you are the owner-occupier. This is treated as an additional source of "income." In order to avoid issuing a separate demand note for Schedule "A" tax, the £20 is taken into account in your P.A.Y.E. coding. The tax deductions from your wages cover this liability.

Lost Insurance Cards

"I HAVE BEEN EMPLOYED for many years and always paid my Health Insurance. Now I am laid up, and after getting sickness benefit I am told that the approved society cannot pay disablement benefit because I have not sufficient contributions. I lost the contribution cards for 1944 and 1945. Isn't it possible to prove that I was paying regularly during those two years?"

▸▸ Unless the lost cards can be traced or permission is granted by the Ministry of National Insurance for you to stamp duplicate cards, no credit of contributions can be given for the two years and consequently no disablement benefit will be allowed. Ask your approved society to raise the matter with the Ministry, or write yourself. The lost cards may have reached them.

Exemption from Income Tax

"WHEN A PERSON starts in business, I am told he is exempt from income tax for the first year. If so, what should I do to reclaim the tax which I have already paid?"

▸▸ You have been misinformed. A person who starts in business on his own account pays tax for the first year on his actual profits for that year. This figure forms the basis of his assessment for the following year.

Savings Certificates

"I HAVE MADE A WILL leaving my savings certificates to my nieces. Would they have any difficulty in cashing them?"

▸▸ The beneficiaries under your will would be able to cash the certificates as soon as they are transferred to them by the executor.

Stamp Duty on Leases

"COULD YOU INFORM me whether a lease on property, duly signed and witnessed, is legal when it is not stamped."

▸▸ The lease may be quite valid, but if it is unstamped it would not be accepted as evidence in a court of law.

HOW EXPERT WERE YOU?

Answers to Quiz on page 17

BRITISH FILMS. (1) *The Seventh Veil.* (2) Denham. (3) Because some of the dresses were too revealing to get past the American censor. (4) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Pathé, Gaumont-British, British Movietone, Universal and Paramount. (5) David Lean; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger.

DOGS. (1) German sheep dog; first World War. (2) They have inherited the trait from their wild forebears who did so in the jungle grass. (3) Poodles. (4) Eskimo and Indian dogs are crossed with wolves for strength and endurance. (5) Pomeranians in Chinese mandarins' sleeves.

TITLES. (1) That he is a member of the Privy Council. (2) My Lord; The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of ——. (3) In the U.S.S.R.; outstanding worker. (4) Max Aitken; Archibald Clark-Kerr. (5) Younger sons of peers, eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons; chiefs of ancient families, heralds, serjeants-at-arms, judges, officers of state, service officers, J.P.s, barristers and persons specially appointed esquires.

AESOP'S FABLES. (1) It nibbled through the knot that later held the lion in a net. (2) "The grapes are sour." (3) The story of the goat that leapt into the well without looking. (4) It was thrown to the ground by the wind. (5) "Those who cry loudest are not always the most hurt" (also: "It isn't the one that makes the most noise that does the most work").

POSSIBILITIES. (1) No, Mozart died in 1791 and the first railway was not opened before 1825. (2) Yes, one-pound notes were first introduced in 1797, and Jane Austen lived until 1817. (3) No, William Pitt died in 1806, and Big Ben was not working until 1858. (4) No, Queen Anne died in 1714, and the Derby was first run in 1780. (5) Yes, a regular transatlantic service was in operation from 1907, and Theodore Roosevelt was alive until 1919.

"Bullets" 1,566 Results

FIRST PRIZE, £1,000 plus Weekend: G. C. Jenkinson, 7 South Street, Morton, nr. Bingley:

Every Ounce Tells, So—"Heave Ho!" Not "Heigh-ho!"

SECOND PRIZE, £100: Pte. G. Bromley, W/S Pln. 597 Company, Wand Barracks, Bulford: **Kicked Around—Many *Jerry* Couldn't Move.** THIRD PRIZE, £25: E. J. Sigston, 98 Victoria Road, Handsworth, Birmingham 21: **Hell Of A Life—Deserter's—*Forever* "On Guard."**

TEN PRIZES OF £10: E. Channell, 131 Cliveden Road, Chester: **Goalkeeper Grandpa—Dived—Saved *Following* Shot!** A. E. Coston, 101 Rendell Street, Loughborough: **Ordinary Folk—Remember Ellen's *Lifelong* "March."** F. G. Farndon, 6 Riddlesdown Avenue, Purley: **Off Went The Current And—Dentist Continued—With *Gimlet*!** A. L. Fitch, 44 Knollys Road, Streatham, S.W.16: **Brake On Progress—Sonny Thinks Soft Pedal!** R. D. Gordon, c/o Cosgrove, 44 Stratford Street, Glasgow, N.W.: **Healthy Picture—Conscripts Present—Conscription Doesn't.** L. A. Halsall, 52 Abingdon Road, Bramhall, Stockport: **Hell Of A Problem—Holy Land—Wholly England's?** E. Harrison, 12 Cleveland Street, Loftus, Saltburn: **Kicked Around — By Big Business, Sport.** Mrs. G. Jones, 3 Westbank, Aspley Guise, Bletchley: **Off Went The Current And—Left Electronic Brain Guessing!** J. Mann, 7 Park Crescent, Stafford: **On The Road To Peace—Bayonets Needed — Behind Politicians!** W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy: **Hearth And Home—"World" Fritz Wants *Now*!**

25 Prizes of £1, 100 Season Ticket Awards, and 2,000 "Good Shots" have been posted to winners.

WHAT better help through the struggles and shortages of 1947 than a glorious free summer holiday for you and your chosen companion in lovely Lucerne?

Thanks to *Bullets* £15,000 Prize Campaign launched today, as many as 250 readers can be JOHN BULL'S holiday guests—some in Switzerland, others in Blackpool, Bournemouth, Scarborough, Torquay and Prestatyn.

Your *Bullets* coupon awaits you below. Use it to bring you a £600 cheque and a wonderful holiday for two in the heart of Switzerland!

How to make a "Bullet"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated April 12 also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

£100 AND HAMPERS FOR THIS XWORD

In addition to £100 First and Awards value £25 between Runners-up, there are up to 50 Big Hampers—one with each prize value £1 and over in this Crossword.

Post Square by Monday, March 24.

Across Clues. XWORD 522

1. Wood engraving is usually done in this
2. It's sometimes impossible for family doctor to give a patient this
5. You're more likely to feel this when you've turned the corner
7. It's more difficult for stout person to get into
9. Spring enhances any beauty possessed by
14. May grow wild on occasion

Down Clues

1. Is usually very shallow
3. To great many folk, there's something romantic about
4. Needs careful handling
6. Strictly speaking, you don't really trim this
8. Outbreaks of these are common in India
10. It's a most embarrassing moment when one dries up
11. In some cases, such a woman is energetic in doing what you couldn't call work
12. Keen gardener will sometimes work in
13. You'll sometimes find this on top of deck

1 B	L		C	K	■	2	E	S	3 T
I	E	■	R	A	4 P	■	M	A	R
5 G	A	■	E	■	■	■	E	W	E
■	■	■	A	P	P	6 L	E	■	■
7 T	8 R	■	M	■	9 P	A	R	■	S
■	■	■	■	L	Y	M	S	■	■
10 L	O	L	11 L	Y	■	■	■	■	12
E	T	N	A	■	13	■	14	E	A
A	S	■	■	■	C	O	■	V	I
■	522	P	Y	R	E	N	E	A	N

HOW TO ENTER THIS COUPON

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Not more than one prize per Contest to any one entrant. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square send 6d. (P.O. or stamps), covering entry-fee and dispatch of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 5, for which enclose addressed *Bulletin and Gazette* Label without affixing stamp. If no *Gazette* required, your 6d. also covers second set of Answers on plain paper. Pencilled entries barred.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., MAR. 24

No. **522**

Signed .....

Address .....

XWORD RESULT No. 518

CHEQUES AND HAMPERS WON

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS: 1, Sail, 3, Brook. 6, Pay. 8, Tie. 10, Ruin. 13, Scone. 14, Rain. DOWN: 1, Spar. 2, Ladder. 4, Rots. 5, Knaves. 7, Waiter. 9, Fates. 11, Gin. 12, Fun.

TWO £100 SHARERS: Mrs. D. M. Brooks, 37 Wickham Avenue, Shirley, Croydon; Mrs. D. H. Butt, 44 Hallowell Road, Northwood, Middlesex. Winners receive hampers in addition.

Runners-up Award (value £25) shared between 43 entrants.

FIRST BIG HOLIDAY OFFER!

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

BRITAIN'S POWER
IN THE POST-WAR BLIZZARD
COALMAN SHINWELL
HER HOME
CLERK OF THE WEATHER
LOVELY TO LOOK AT
TIME'S A THIEF, SO
TO BEAT THE BOOKIE
TAXPAYER'S LOAD
PAINFUL NECESSITY
OUT OF THE WOOD
GLOWING PROSPECT
PUT OFF
THE DAY'S OVER WHEN
YOUNG OR OLD
AUNTIE'S DACHSHUND
TAKES CARE
FUNNY BUSINESS
FAMILY HEIRLOOM
GRANDMA'S A DEAR, BUT

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions.

STANDS FOR.....
FACING THE.....
"DON'T ..... ME!"
.....PEOPLE
NOWHERE TO.....
DAD SAW THE.....BUT

£600 FIRST PRIZE and 10-day SWISS HOLIDAY FOR TWO

Second £50
Third £25
10 of £10

12 cash prizes above each plus

SEASIDE HOLIDAY FOR TWO

50 of £1

1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes

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STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin and Gazette* dated Apr. 5 offering Cash and HOLIDAY PRIZES

383

NAME .....

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EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

Closing Postmark, **1,570** MON., MAR. 24

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

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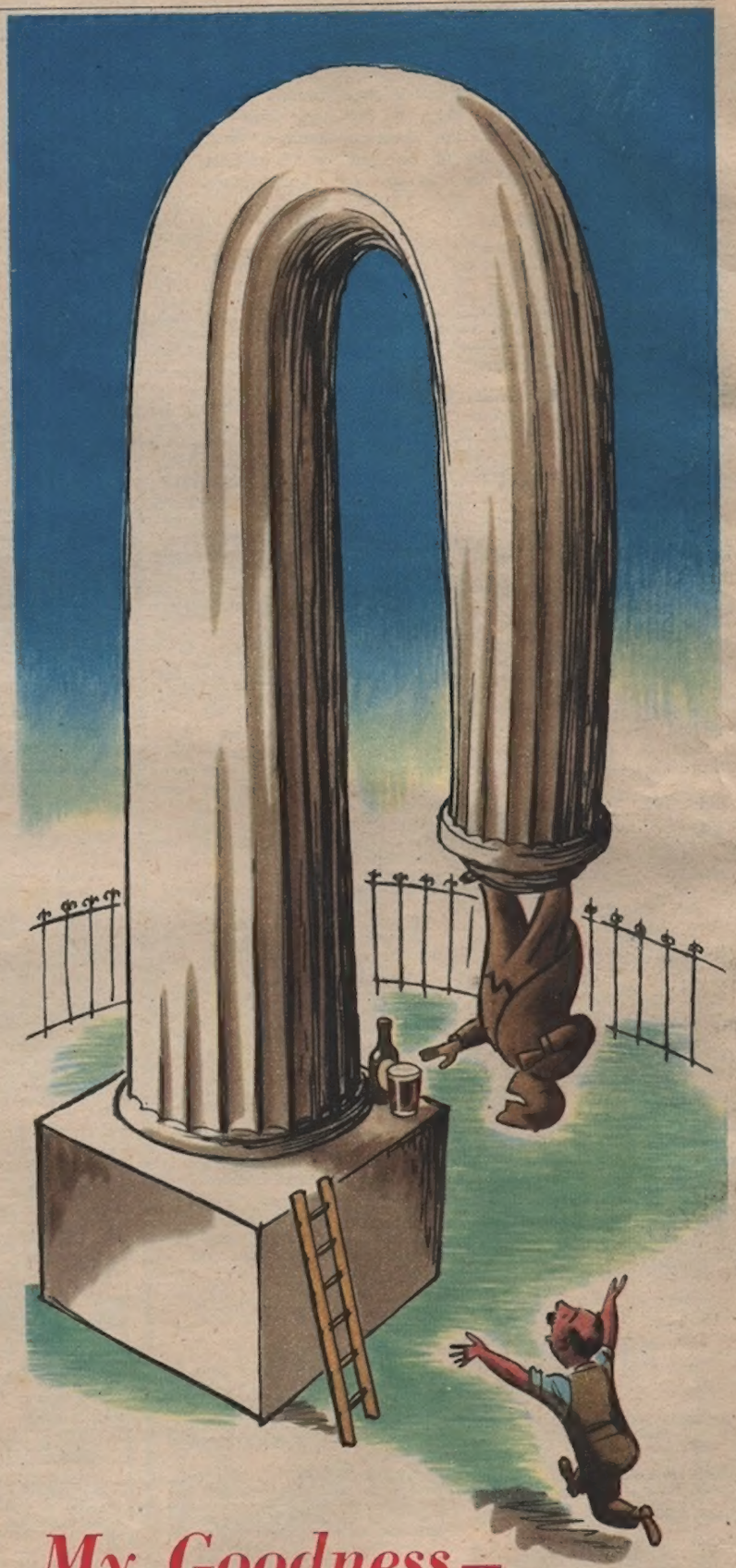
You'll certainly agree! Just taste these chunks of sheer delicious goodness made with chocolate to sustain, glucose to energise, milk to nourish you. Ask your sweet shop for Mars. Three luscious kinds to choose from—milk, vanilla, or with nuts.

MARS CONFECTIONS LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.



My Goodness—

My GUINNESS

G.E.1330